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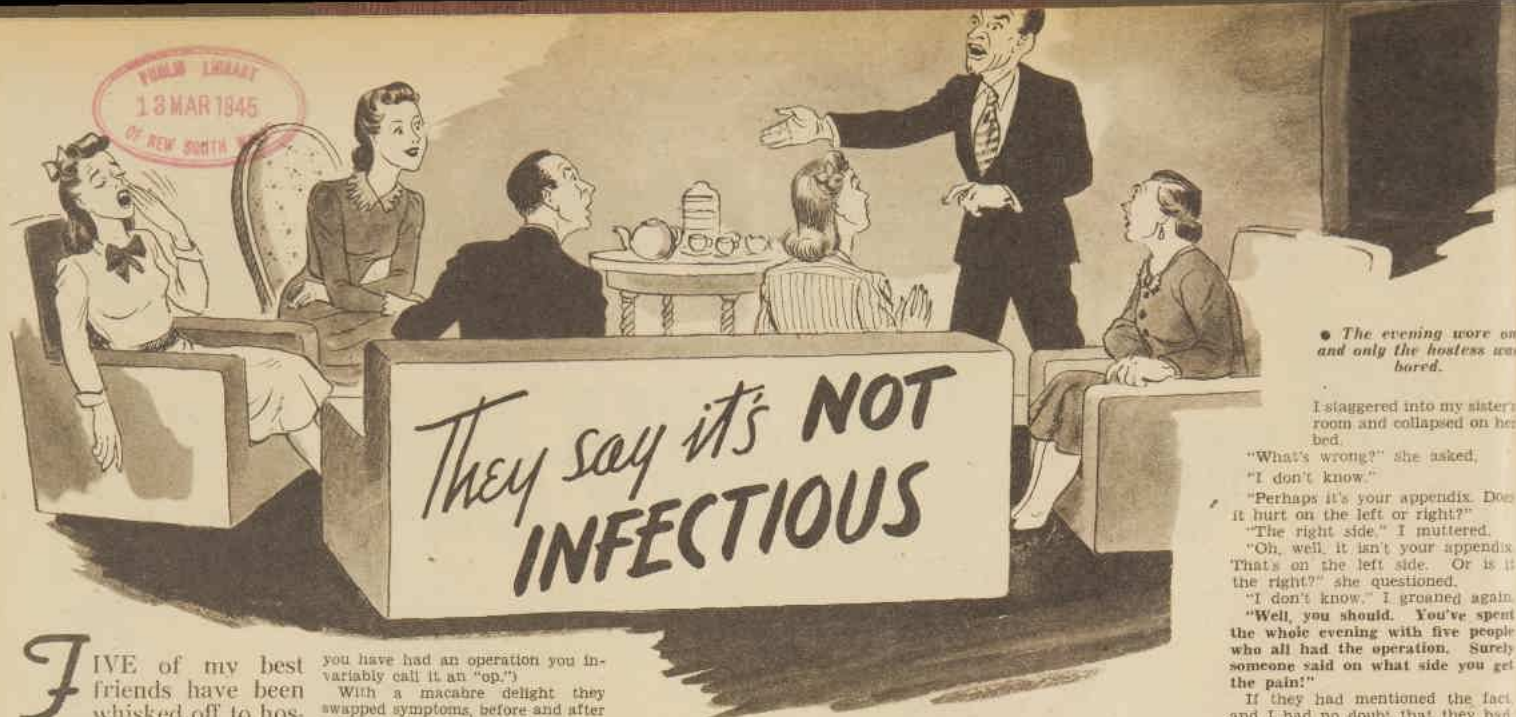
# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Australian Woollens



13 MAR 1945  
OF NEW SOUTH



• The evening wore on, and only the hostess was bored.

I staggered into my sister's room and collapsed on her bed.

"What's wrong?" she asked, "I don't know."

"Perhaps it's your appendix. Does it hurt on the left or right?"

"The right side," I muttered.

"Oh, well, it isn't your appendix. That's on the left side. Or is it the right?" she questioned.

"I don't know," I groaned again.

"Well, you should. You've spent the whole evening with five people who all had the operation. Surely someone said on what side you get the pain!"

If they had mentioned the fact, and I had no doubt that they had, then I had forgotten.

"Anyhow, I'd better get the doctor."

She did. He came, prodded, and pronounced acute appendicitis.

The ambulance arrived and I went out on a stretcher. I wanted to walk, but the ambulance driver, a capable young man, said, "Certainly not."

The ban on sirens had not then been lifted. I was bitterly disappointed, as I reflected during my convalescence. I had always hankered after the sirens.

I had the op. a few hours later, and now I'm back on my feet again.

The doctor said it was just about the worst case of appendicitis he'd ever had, and if I hadn't gone straight to hospital anything might have happened.

As for my sensations going under the anaesthetic.

Come round some time, and I'll tell you all about it.

I FIVE of my best friends have been whisked off to hospital in the last few months for appendix operations.

Gradually they've drifted back, healthy and sun-tanned after five or six weeks' convalescence, to the social circle.

The other night we had a reunion at my flat. Just the six of us.

Nothing was actually said, but there was a difference. I still had my appendix, and it really looked from my general air of heartiness and appetite that I was likely to keep it.

That put me definitely on the outer.

I realised it was the first time I had come up against the inner shrine of those people who have had, at some time or other, "an op." (Once

you have had an operation you invariably call it an "op.")

With a macabre delight they swapped symptoms, before and after effects, and hospital anecdotes, some of which proved that they could actually tell the difference between sisters and nurses.

They talked about "the theatre," "going under," "temps," "the night sister and the day sister."

Of course, each operation was "the most difficult the doctor had done."

To my lay mind it seemed a wonder that any one of them had lived.

Through a barrage of cross-talk which took in the merits and demerits of private and public hospitals I said hesitantly to Edna:

"You saw that marvellous film at the Majestic?"

She turned a frigid eye on me.

"Darling, how silly of you. I was in hospital."

It was silly of me to have said anything that might again bring up the subject. I tried with Bill.

"You're coming to see the tennis

championships at the week-end?" I asked.

"Not me; I'll be playing at my own club," he answered.

This at least promised to be a conversation. I didn't really like tennis, but I could talk about it.

But I didn't get a chance. Before Bill had finished speaking there was a mutual protest which walled like a Greek chorus.

"Bill, you're mad! It's only four weeks since your op. Now, my doctor

got an attack, which turned out to be fatal, while crossing the U.S.A. in a bus."

Then we got on to adhesions. Nasty bits of muscle or something which can grow after the op.

Bill had adhesions even before the op. That was so like Bill.

The evening wore on. At 11.30 they began to notice the almost unforgivable frequency of my yawns, and so, rising on midnight, I saw them to the door.

"We've had a lovely time," they said. As they went down the steps, Bill said to Jean, "Careful of the steps, old dear, or you'll—"

"Get adhesions," I shouted rudely, and banged the door.

It must have been round dawn when I woke up. At first I thought someone was pouring hot water on my stomach. It was a burning pain.

By BETTY NESBIT

said I simply mustn't take any strenuous exercise for at least two months," from Flora.

"That's nonsense," interrupted Edna firmly. "As long as it doesn't hurt you, it doesn't matter what you do. That's what my doctor said."

Frankly, I thought, I'll SCREAM! You haven't got your beastly adhesions now. Why worry about them! They're gone—finished with. Why keep harping?

My thoughts rose in crescendo. I shut my eyes and counted twenty, and when I came to there was Edna saying how funny it was that her brother-in-law's sister's fiancé, who lives in Chicago, should have had his op. at exactly the same time as she was having hers in Sydney.

They all thought it was funny. Not that they laughed, but they clucked and shook their heads, and it reminded Albert of how his Uncle Joe



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IT'S A TREAT TO EAT SMORGON'S



# Roses from Petty Cash

**I**T was very difficult to be fair to the new girl, though Beatrice tried hard. For eight years she had been the perfect secretary to Foster and Merrill, submerging her own interests until she was part of the firm itself.

And now, without consulting her, they had brought in an assistant secretary. A golden-haired, blue-eyed chit who was as out of place in a solicitor's office as a butterfly in a fog.

Before they realised it, the butterfly had put a spell on them. In two weeks Barbara Yardley had done what she, Beatrice Lomax, had failed to do in eight years. She had turned two hard-bitten lawyers into fatuous, benevolent uncles. Old Mr. Foster, who was seventy, teased her about her unruly golden curls and called her Babs. Julian Merrill, who was thirty-six, scolded her about her spelling, mimicked her high, eager voice—gave her time off.

It was sickening. It was infuriating.

"Please, Miss Lomax, could I get off an hour earlier to-night?" That had been on the first Friday. "It's frightfully important because, you see, I'm practically engaged, and he's an airman, and—"

"I'm afraid it's quite impossible, Miss Yardley. There's still work to be done."

Then the girl had gone over her head to Julian Merrill. She had heard him teasing her. "Time off to meet your boy? I've never heard of such a thing. What would happen if I took time off to meet a girl?"

"I'd say she was a lucky girl," had said the little sycophant demurely, and Julian Merrill had laughed as if it were a gem of wit. "Off you go, Goldilocks. We can't keep the Air Force waiting."

Beatrice had gone in quietly, but inwardly boiling. "I told Miss Yardley she couldn't leave early. I really don't think she ought to have come in bothering you."

He had looked up at her reflectively. He was dark and taut, with a strong, sensitive face and a scar on his temple that was a relic of Dunkirk.

"No, it wasn't quite playing the game. But youngsters often cheat when they want a thing badly. We'll let her down lightly, Miss Lomax. She's only a kid."

Only a kid! They didn't say that to me when I came here eight years ago, when I was nineteen. Eight years ago!

Let her down lightly! And hear, endlessly—"I'm sorry, Miss Lomax." "Do you think I could get away early again, Miss Lomax?" "I'm sorry." "Would it matter if I got back a bit late from lunch?" It got on Beatrice's nerves till she wanted to scream.

And Julian Merrill added the last straw.

"Look here, Miss Lomax, you're overdoing it. We brought Barbara in to share the work, and you've trained her well enough to take over my side of it while you devote yourself to Mr. Foster."

"Thank you, Mr. Merrill, but I'm quite capable of—"

"We'll do it my way, Miss Lomax." He spoke pleasantly and firmly. "We can't have you cracking up, you know."

That was that. For eight years the two hours a day she spent with him had made everything seem worth while. Now, at the first excuse, he brushed her aside in favor of a golden head and two blue eyes.

At two-fifteen he rang for Barbara, but she wasn't back from lunch. At two-thirty he rang again, impatiently, and a vindictive satisfaction that was quite alien to her began to blunt the sharpness of Beatrice's bitterness.

Then the little idiot came in at three o'clock with her blue eyes full of tears and her soft lips quivering.

**Beatrice was a perfect secretary, but she found that sometimes efficiency is only a hindrance**

By ...  
**BRETON  
AMIS**



The blue eyes widened. "They cost three shillings each, Miss Lomax," Barbara said in awe.

bunch of roses and a modest bunch of violets.

"The roses are from the firm," she said. "When I told Mr. Merrill I was coming he said: 'Get a big bunch out of the petty cash.' The violets are from me."

Roses from the petty cash. "Send a wreath, Miss Lomax, and charge it to petty cash." "Take a taxi, Miss Lomax, and charge it to petty cash."

It just didn't mean a thing.

"What shall I do with the roses, Miss Lomax?"

"Put them in the rubbish bin—you'll find it by the kitchen sink—and I want the violets in my best Wedgwood."

The blue eyes widened. "They cost three shillings each. Are you—feeling all right, Miss Lomax?"

"You mean, have I gone crazy? Probably. You prophesied it, anyhow. And if you call me Miss Lomax again I'll scream."

Something in her voice made the girl look at her queerly.

There was a pause in which each was thinking. Then—

"Listen, Beatrice. I hadn't meant to say this, and you'll think it's fearful cheek, but—Don has extended leave and is bringing a Canadian friend with him from the same out-

fit. Hugh McKinnon is awfully clever. He's years and years older than Don, and—I think you'd like him."

Another pause, then Beatrice laughed.

"Well, why not? An airman is more or less what the doctor ordered, and if you and Don want to be alone, why shouldn't I take him off your hands?"

Don was exactly what she had expected him to be, a glorious young scatterbrain whose blue eyes were a reflection of Barbara's and held the same eager zest.

The zest was there, too, in Hugh McKinnon's eyes, though slightly matured. He was tall and dark and bronzed. And direct. He accepted her as a particularly pleasing gift.

"Let's cut away from these kids," he said. "They won't know we've gone, I guess. This is my first visit to London and if you'd help me to make the most of it I'll be in luck."

"There is nothing I'd like better," she said.

That was the beginning. The following Monday she broke another rule by being late at the office.

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"What's the matter?" Beatrice didn't intend to sound so harsh.

Two drenched eyes regarded her suspiciously. "It's Don. He's only twenty, and they're sending him abroad, though I prayed they'd keep him in England. I don't know where he's going—I don't even know when he may never come back."

So that was all? The child was working herself up over something that might never happen. "Don't be silly, dear," Beatrice spoke briskly. "Of course he'll come back, and anyway, he wouldn't expect you to upset yourself like this. Thousands and thousands of men have to go abroad. Now pull yourself together. Mr. Merrill wants you to take over his work. He is waiting for you."

It cost her a lot to say it. The effect wasn't what she expected. Barbara jumped up, her blue eyes blazing.

"Confound Mr. Merrill and his work! That's all you think about! Work, work, work! You aren't human! You're just a mechanical gadget like a typewriter. You've never been in love—never even lived!"

Beatrice had gone very white. "Barbara—"

"I know what you are going to say! Don't make a scene in the office. The office! You're part of it, like the filing cabinets and the duplicator. You'll be here for ever and ever, never coming late and never going early. And where will it get you? Into the madhouse if you're human—but you're not!"

Her tears had stopped. Her face was white and set. She took out her make-up and defiantly obliterated all traces of her grief. Then she snatched up her notebook and marched into Julian's office, her golden head held high.

You aren't human. Just a machine. You'll be here for ever and ever. It was the truth.

For the first time in eight years she didn't go to the office next day.

The doctor said: "You're absolutely run down, but a week's rest and the right tonic will do wonders. By the way, Miss Lomax, don't let the office worry you. When you aren't there, forget it. Enjoy yourself while you're young."

The following Saturday, Barbara arrived on a duty call with a huge



# Old Sinners Never Die

Concluding our brilliant serial

By A. E. MARTIN

IN the light of the buggy lamps bewilderment could be seen on the face of every man at the graveside. Nobody spoke. Then Price broke the silence with a harsh laugh. He stooped and picked up a large piece of flint.

"Speak's heart," he said, contemptuously, and dropped it back into the coffin.

Before anyone could say anything he had swung on to his horse, and was cantering toward the gate.

Nobody knew quite what to do. A few big drops of rain fell, and Cotter at length ordered the coffin to be screwed up again and replaced in the grave. Burke offered me a lift, for it looked as if the rain might really set in, but I preferred my own company, and walked back to the town.

Hennessy met me as I entered the hotel and told me that Dr. Hansen, who was still lying there under Mrs. Marven's care, wished to see me.

"He's very low," he informed me, "and he's got something on his mind."

I went at once to the sick room and found Burke already there.

"Hello, Ford," the doctor said weakly from his bed. "Sorry to trouble you. Where's Price?"

Hennessy told him he'd sent for him and a minute or two later Price came in. He shook hands with the doctor.

"I've got something important to say, Burke," the doctor said, "and I suggest you ask Hennessy to write it down to save time. Save my wind, too."

As a matter of fact he was having a good deal of difficulty with his

breathing, and Mrs. Marven, who was hovering round, suggested that, whatever it was he intended, it was taking too much out of him.

"No, can't wait," Hansen said. "Never know what's coming with this business." He tapped his heart. "Or when," he added. He smiled wanly at us. "Better put things right while I can. Got your paper, Hennessy? Write this, and I'll sign it."

Hennessy seated himself at the bedside table, and dipped his pen in ink. He was smoking his pipe. Doctor Hansen said calmly: "I killed Timothy Speck."

Mrs. Marven caught her breath and for an instant I thought she was going to faint, but she took hold of the bedpost and steadied herself. None of us spoke, and Hennessy stared at the doctor.

Hansen nodded in confirmation. "Write it down," he said, and the schoolmaster bent to his task.

The doctor went on: "It was an accident, of course. Speck came to me for a tonic. There was nothing whatever the matter with him, but he insisted that he needed something—something to invigorate him. I didn't like the man. Never did. I was annoyed with him for wasting my time."

"I sent it round by one of Hennessy's boys who happened to be passing. I'd been busy dispensing and had made up a number of medicines, and I had a busy night ahead of me, including a baby at Dunbar's. That's about six miles from here, Burke."

The constable nodded: "Nearer seven," he said.

"The baby was obstinate. I had to hang about, and Paul Dunbar



This is Eileen, I thought—but not that other Eileen of fifty years ago.

made me a cup of tea. While I sat drinking it, I began to think of all the things I had to do, and the people I had to see. It's a habit of mine. I keep all my notes in my head. Bad, of course, but there you are. I began to run through the jobs I'd done that day, making a mental note of the ones I had to follow up. I thought of Speck, and began to smile to myself as I recalled the harmless stuff I'd given him.

"Then suddenly my heart went cold. I believed I had made a terrible mistake in dispensing."

Speaking slowly so that Hennessy should make no mistake, Dr. Hansen explained what he had done. My mind flitted back to that chaotic surgery.

When the schoolmaster had the technical details to his satisfaction Hansen went on: "I make no excuse for my carelessness other than overwork, ill-health, what you will. I should have had a locum in a year ago, but country people are funny. They like their old doctors." He shut his eyes a moment and a flicker of a smile passed across his lip.

"I knew Speck was not a sick man, and when he came to me and told me what he wanted I confess I felt an utter contempt for him. He treated his wife shamefully. I suspected that when she came to me for help. Her nerves were all shot to pieces. She couldn't sleep. I hoped Speck had not taken the medicine I had given him. I'd made it four enough, heaven knows, and some people don't, you know. But I had to get to him quickly, but just then, the baby business started in earnest."

"It was necessary to see it through, and it wasn't easy, and Dunbar was helpless. You know what a young man is with his first baby. And there was no one else."

"I tried to explain to him that he'd have to ride to town, but he just gibbered at me. He's not a clever man at any time and just then, there was only room for one thought in his mind. He couldn't take it in. I was the doctor—the only one who could save his wife and baby—that's what he was thinking. It's terrible the trust these people put in one."

"And as soon as I could I drove back to town. I made Betsy gal-

lop. For the first time in my life I put the whip about her—poor old thing. I was going straight to Speck's when Mrs. Marven ran out into the road. She told me Speck had shot himself. I thought I knew why. The stuff I had given him would have caused excruciating agony. I'm glad he had the gun and the nerve to use it. Got that, Hennessy. That's all."

Please turn to page 12

## CRIPPO TROUSERS

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**S**LOWLY and laboriously, Tarantella lumbered down the road made clumsy by armor-plating, the heaviness of war.

She had known the hot-foot chase of the huntress across ditches and hedges and fields; she had known the fear of the chase against her, exerting every ounce of speed, fleeing in the silence of a desert night back into the lines.

She had been proud then and debonair, flaunting her strength and fascination carelessly, daring bombs and mines and challenging the German gunners. She was proud still, but it was an older pride of experience. She knew her strength, just as she knew her limitations, and when the time came again, and it was very soon, she would exert that strength to the utmost and she would win.

So it was with the men she carried: very certainly they would win, and it would be the last fight. Tarantella would not have to fight again. She lumbered on down the road, crushing the stones.

They passed through the village where the houses thinned out to cottages with gardens. There was one garden with a white lilac bush overhanging the hedge. The column stopped as Tarantella reached the shade of the lilac. After the noise and the heat there was a deep silence and the breeze wafted down the perfume of the lilac mixed with the smell of wallflowers.

Phillip took off his headphones and stowed them away. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and jumped down on to the road. The men were climbing out of the turret, their hair damp and the collars of their shirts open.

Phillip leaned for a moment against the white garden gate. He had a feeling of dreaming, of doing the same thing over and over again.

A girl came out of the cottage, as Phillip knew she would: she had red hair and a mauve frock, and she carried a tray of glasses and mugs, a bottle of lemonade and a jug of water.

Phillip opened the gate.

"I thought you'd all be hot and thirsty. I hope you have time for a drink," she smiled, handing him the tray.

"It's very good of you," Phillip said, and three tankloads of men set to on the lemonade, being very polite because Phillip was there and the girl was pouring out the water. She went into the cottage to fill up the jug with water and bring out more mugs.

"It must be very, very hot in the tanks," she said. The men just grinned, leaving Phillip to answer.

"Yes, it's very hot," Phillip said.

"And the noise," the girl said, "the noise must be very bad."

"You just don't notice it much after a time," Phillip replied. The sergeant behind Phillip made clicking noises and put his mug down on the tray reluctantly.

"Have some more?" the girl said, filling up the mug. Phillip handed the mug back to the man and winked. "A horse-trough's more in your line," and every one laughed, making the atmosphere altogether easier.

"It's this heat," the girl said. "I don't blame you being thirsty, sergeant. I only wish we had something stronger than lemonade to offer." Everyone made noises that meant the lemonade had been much appreciated.

"Let me help you carry the tray in," Phillip said, putting the glasses and mugs back on the tray and picking it up. He followed the girl into the cottage and through the hall into a stone-flagged kitchen. It was cool and civilized and there was a salad on the table ready for supper and some butter standing in a cooler. Phillip put the tray by the sink and started washing the glasses. "Don't bother, please," the girl said. "I'd like to, please," Phillip said, and the girl got a cloth and dried.

"I always think tanks are rather like coffins. I don't think I could stand being sealed up in a tank," she said.

# TARANTELLA



"You get used to it," Phillip answered.

"I knew someone once in the tanks called Burford, Captain Burford."

"Which regiment was he in?"

"I just don't remember," the girl said. "He had a sandy moustache."

"There are a lot of tanks," Phillip said. He was always being asked if he knew someone in the tanks—tanks, vaguely like that. "The name does sound familiar," he said. He didn't want to sound curt, but it wasn't true.

"He was in the Middle East, I think," the girl went on, making conversation. "Were you out there?"

"Yes," Phillip nodded. "We were out there."

"It must have been hot out there," the girl said.

"Yes, it was hot most of the time," Phillip said. He watched her as she hung the towel up on a line and straightened her dress where the reaching had rucked it.

"And the flies," the girl struggled desperately, "the flies, I believe, are the worst of all."

"They certainly make a nuisance of themselves." He didn't want to remember the desert, not in detail. He didn't want to think about the flies. He wanted to think of things like kitchens, cool and civilized, where love and care and kindness went into meals, where someone minded what went into the oven and remembered that you liked tomatoes and hated cabbage!

The girl was asking him something would you like a wash?"

"Thanks—yes," Phillip said.

"The bathroom's up here." She led the way up a twisted oak staircase to a low-ceilinged, whitewashed bathroom.

"I'll get you a towel." She brought a thick, rough white one, slightly warm from being in a hot cupboard. The water was very hot. There was some heather-scented soap which made you feel even cooler and cleaner because of the smell. Phillip would have liked a bath. He would have liked to stay in a bath a long time. He combed his hair and joined the girl downstairs. "Would any of your men like a wash?" she asked. "We can't manage every one, but perhaps your—tank—crew—"

"Thanks," Phillip said, "but we're rather a grubby lot you know, with grease and stuff. They'd make a lot of mess. They'll get a wash in the field presently. Thanks a lot—"

Her hair was straight, quite straight, but it was shining and it just curled very slightly at the ends. She smiled.

"Perhaps you'd like to come in and have some coffee later if you're still here."

"Thanks," Phillip said. "Thanks, I will if we're still here."

He walked slowly down the garden and out of the gate to the tank.

"Thought of coming to rescue you, sir," the sergeant said with heavy meaning. Phillip smiled.

"Never does to let you get too far down a garden path, sir."

"I'll go and see what we're doing," Phillip said. He strolled up the road. The sun beat hot on his neck after the cool of the cottage. He spoke to the squadron-leader.

They were rendezvousing here for the night. A field-kitchen was being put up in the field across the road; there would be a hot meal at 1930 hours. They were to stand by to start at 0400 hours.

Phillip came back and told his men. "I want one of you to stand by the tank; the rest can go off after you've had a meal. Don't drink the

local dry, though, and turn in early."

He watched them toss for the man to stay. He lit a pipe and propped himself up against a tree opposite Tarantella. He brought a book out of his pocket. He read a bit, but his eyes kept straying to the garden, over the white gate to the peace beyond.

There had been so many gardens—there had been the one outside a northern town when he had first joined the tanks. The tractor tread had come off the tank at the top of the rise, and they had careered wildly downward out of control, ploughing across a hedge, digging deep furrows through a lawn, to rest finally against a beech tree, their nose keeling through the dining-room window. There had been screams; the tinkle of much glass.

Their hostess, who might have been angry or prostrate, said: "Well, now you've crashed in, boys, you'd better stay to supper," and produced bacon and eggs and a daughter with a leaning toward socialism. You learned a lot about women in the tanks.

"The grass will grow again," their hostess had said sadly, looking at the

"I thought you'd all be hot and thirsty," the girl said, handing Phillip the tray.

lawn later. "One thing about grass, whatever havoc we cause it will always cover it up—"

People waved at them in those days, and ran down to the bottom of their gardens to watch the tanks go by. It was very early in the war.

There were gardens where he'd taken his socks off and had them darned for him, and a velvet lawn he'd sat on while a girl with beautiful hands sewed a button on his shirt and told him she was marrying a Polish airman.

"Marry me instead," Phillip had said, but he had never really meant it. There was so little time. They were always moving on. There was no future in tanks.

Gardens with lawns and fruit trees laden with blossom, and the sweet smell of flowers, weedy gardens with lovely girls in them, patches of gardens containing grandmothers and many kindnesses, the tanks knew all the gardens.

Phillip put his book away and went into the field. He queued up for his plate of stew with the men, stew and a slab of thick bread. He finished it quickly, and went back to Tarantella and sat

down with his back against her

treads, and prepared to read again.

"Tarantella—what a funny name."

Phillip looked up. The girl was leaning over the gate. He scrambled

up.

"Why do you call your tank Tarantella?" the girl asked. She had changed her frock to silk—one with green and mauve flowers. Phillip knocked his pipe out against the tractor belt.

"Come and tell me about Tarantella over coffee," the girl opened the gate and Phillip walked in. She remembered Tarantella's guard, and brought him out a mug of coffee and a piece of chocolate cake, then settled herself in a low deck-chair on the crazy paving, and poured out coffee for her father and Phillip.

"Ever come across a chap called Burford in the tanks?" the father began.

"The tank corps is pretty large, father, I've asked him that already," the girl laughed, and spared Phillip the familiar reply. This is how I'd like it to be always, Phillip thought, sitting in the evening over coffee in a garden like this.

"Now, about Tarantella," the girl

said. She was the kind of girl it would be fun to have coffee with often, to have lots of meals beside; the kind you could be quiet with and laugh with, who would always look lovely; the kind that would make the mess after the war bearable.

"Tarantella," Phillip said, rousing himself. "Well, it's not much of a story, really. We shot the Italians up a bit and overran their lines. Sarge picked up a wallet belonging to one of the officers, and it had a photo inside of a girl. She had rather nice legs—" Phillip smiled at the girl slowly. "So sarge pinned her up in the turret. Scrawled across the corner of the photo was some name which sarge interpreted as Tarantella. The next day he painted it on the tank. There were certain rude comments from the crew, but Tarantella she's remained."

The girl said the name softly; she had the kind of voice that would make Egbert into a caress. "Tarantella's a lovely name—I'd like a daughter called Tarantella, and everyone would call her Taran for short. Have some more coffee?" Phillip held out his cup. He wanted the moment to last a long time. He wanted the peace of it to sink in. He lit a cigarette for the girl, and leaned back in his chair.

"You must have seen a great deal of action," the girl said. That was just what he didn't want to think about, not too much.

"Germany can't have much Air Force left now, or she would have sent more stuff over before this," the father said.

The girl shivered. "It's getting chilly, shall we go inside?"

"I'd like to see the garden, sir," Phillip said, turning to the father.

"Show him the garden, Philippa." Philippa—Phillip and Philippa. They walked down a path bordered with lavender to the back of the cottage, and down a herbaceous border to a rose garden.

"What did you do before the war?" Philippa asked.

"I was an architect, or trying to be an architect," Phillip said. They sat down on the edge of a sundial. Time was standing still for a minute. There were months, years to talk in instead of minutes. What do you say when time stands still? What are the most important things to ask?

Please turn to page 24



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*Safari Tan*

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# TWO-WAY DISCIPLINE

**He believed in sauce for the goose, but not for the gander**

CAPTAIN TOMKINS had a single-track mind. It only extended downward—from brigadier to colonel, colonel to major, major to captain, and so through a descending scale until a corporal at the bottom end shouted instructions to sullen and unwilling personnel.

Captain Tomkins was an efficient officer, and his knowledge of Bofors guns was great. His efficiency led to his despatch to a basic training centre, to give expert instructions in the use of Bofors.

On his first night there he remained in bed for only a few hours, and was up at 2 a.m. parading through the gun area to ascertain if the pickets were faithfully discharging their duties.

Now, 2 a.m. is an hour when all experienced pickets at a training camp, thousands of miles from the front, are sound asleep. They spy out secluded retreats where a man may bunk down in comfort and obtain that sleep which is essential if next day's leave is to be spent in town. So Captain Tomkins walked all over the Bofors gun area without being challenged.

His sense of duty outraged, he returned to his quarters and rang the orderly room. Not satisfied with this routine complaint, next morning he rang headquarters and lodged another complaint.

The resultant commotion was great. Curt "please explains" arrived from corps, and were verbally transmitted from the camp commandant to the adjutant, and from the latter to the orderly officer for the day. The sergeant of the guard was paraded, and later the previous night's pickets were marched in file to the O.C. They stoutly denied there had been any dereliction of duty on the previous night, but were unable to explain how Captain Tomkins had been able to prowling about the gun area without being challenged. Having been lectured severely, they were dismissed.

"Tomkins is buying trouble for himself," said the commanding officer to the adjutant. "Who expects pickets to walk about all night in a camp of this description? I know, and you know, and everyone else with a grain of commonsense knows that they crawl into empty tents and other places as soon as they are satisfied we're safely in bed."

"It works both ways, as he'll probably find out," the adjutant remarked.

The commanding officer stared at him. "What works both ways?"

"Discipline," replied the adjutant cryptically.

When the pickets fell in that night the sergeant of the guard addressed them.

"Guard, at-ten-shun!" he commanded. "As you were! Try to move like soldiers, and not like a gang of charwomen dragging mops. At-ten-shun!" He scowled and shook his head hopelessly.

"I suppose it's the best you can do, but if you ever get near a firing line you'll be massacred. Stand

at ease! Stand easy, and listen to me! We don't want any more trouble with Captain Tomkins. The major ironed me out properly this morning. Fall out any man who can identify Captain Tomkins!"

The men sloped arms and stepped out.

"Good," said the sergeant. "You two will take the gate to-night in case Captain Tomkins should enter the camp by the main entrance. I don't want him held up, or inconvenienced. Now, the rest of you, pay attention to this! If anyone—anyone, I said; I don't care if it's General Blamey himself—comes to the Bofors area, or anywhere else in camp, and you don't know him, bring him to the guard tent for identification. Stand no nonsense. Bring him in at the point of the bayonet."

"If I myself am not at the guard tent, ring the officers' quarters and ask for someone to come up to identify the prisoner. I know the officers' quarters are half a mile from the guard tent, but that can't be helped. Have you got it straight?"

It might have been a delusion on the part of the pickets that the sergeant winked. But they chorused, "Yes, sarge!"

"Good! Now, no slacking. Anyone you don't know is to be brought to the guard tent for identification."

It was 11.30 p.m. when Captain Tomkins left his quarters and went toward the gun area. He was challenged immediately.

"Captain Tomkins," he answered, "inspecting the area."

He heard a bolt snapped back, and a figure came out of the darkness. "Get your hands up!" it commanded.

Hastily he turned and began to put both hands above his head. "It's all right, sentry. I'm Captain Tomkins, in charge of these guns."

"I don't know you, sir. You'll have to come to the guard tent for identification."

"But that's ridiculous, man. Look at my uniform, if you don't know me," the captain said in amazement.

"Get going!" ordered the sentry, prodding him lightly with the point of his bayonet. "My orders are to arrest anyone I can't identify. Get going!"

"But, I tell you, I'm Captain Tomkins."

"I don't doubt you are, sir. But orders are orders. Get going!"

Making a virtue of necessity, the fuming captain tramped ahead of his captor to the guard tent, a quarter of a mile distant, where he was delivered into the custody of a corporal.

"It will be necessary for you to be identified," said the corporal, after he had listened respectfully to the prisoner's statement. "I'll ring the officers' quarters at once, sir. Our instructions are that every person found prowling about the camp must be identified."

Twenty minutes later a sleepy lieutenant, in pyjamas and a greatcoat, stepped through the opening of the tent.

"That's Captain Tomkins," he said curtly. "You may release him, corporal."

"Yes, sir." He turned to the faithful captain. "Sorry you were put to this inconvenience, sir."

Stiffly acknowledging the corporal's salute, Captain Tomkins marched haughtily from the tent.

"Sorry you had the trouble of coming up to identify him, sir," the corporal apologised to the lieutenant.

"Don't mention it, corporal. It was a pleasure. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir." They grinned amiably at one another.

Captain Tomkins was returning to his quarters, across the Bofors gun area, when he was challenged by a second picket.

"Captain Tomkins, in charge of the guns," he announced.

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid I'll have to



*"Don't be ridiculous, man! Look at my uniform," the captain said in amazement.*

take you to the guard tent for identification."

"I've just come from there, sentry. I've already been identified. Lieutenant Trevor identified me. I've just been released, and am on my way back to my quarters."

"Yes, sir. But you'll have to come back to the guard tent with me."

"I refuse to go. It's stupid. It's an outrage. I tell you, I've already been identified. I'm Captain Tomkins."

For the second time that night Captain Tomkins heard a bolt snapped back, pumping a cartridge into the chamber of the rifle.

"Are you going quietly, sir? Or must I take you?"

"It's preposterous. I'm Captain

He rang through to the officers' quarters.

"Guard tent here," Captain Tomkins heard him say. "A picket has just brought in an officer who says he's Captain Tomkins. Could you come up and identify him? ... Yes, sir ... Very good, sir."

"Lieutenant Trevor says you can't be Captain Tomkins, sir," he announced to his fuming captive. "He says he identified Captain Tomkins half an hour ago, and he's gone to bed. He says we're to march you down there for identification, as he can't be running up here every time we lumber a stray."

"I'll have the lot of you court-martialed," roared the captain. "It's a plot to annoy me, that's what it is."

"Yes, sir," agreed the private politely.

He turned to the picket. "I don't like

the look of him at all. Got a foxy face and a shifty eye. Lieutenant Trevor says he isn't Captain Tomkins, because Captain Tomkins is in bed. He might be a fifth columnist, out to sprag the guns. Bad-looking bird, all right. Wait till I get someone to go with you. He looks a real bad egg, and anyone could pinch a uniform. We can't afford to take risks, with all those valuable guns about."

He vanished through the door of the tent, to return in a few minutes with another picket at his heels.

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"Take him down to the officers' quarters," he ordered. "And watch he doesn't slip you in the dark. Don't take any risks. Poke a bayonet into him if he starts anything. I'll take full responsibility if you have to kill him even. He claims to be Captain Tomkins; but we know that Captain Tomkins is in bed. Lieutenant Trevor says so. All right! Take him off. And slug him the moment he acts suspiciously. That's orders! There'd be a big fuss if he escaped, especially after last night. Bayonet him if he as much as looks sideways."

He watched the procession stalk through the door, then collapsed on the table and laughed until exhaustion compelled him to cease.

"But they only carried out their duty," said the camp commandant next morning, when Captain Tomkins made formal complaint about his treatment at the hands of the guard. "You know the duties of pickets and sentries as well as I do, Tomkins."

The adjutant, red with suppressed emotion, added blandly, "After all, it's good to find the men keen and alert. No slacking there, Captain Tomkins."

"Yes, pretty hard-boiled bunch, our details, and great sticklers for duty," the camp commandant went on, gathering up papers on his desk as if in dismissal of the whole incident. Amid the rustling sound the fuming captain did not hear his qualifying comment—"when it suits them."

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## Itch Germs Cause Killed in 3 Days

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SAYS

*Dorothy Lamour*

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A LEVER PRODUCT

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DATES! PEOPLE NOTICE  
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3 TIMES LONGER.

This hot weather undies absorb a lot of perspiration. Worn a second day they betray its unpleasant odour. So Lux things straight after every wearing. This way you're sure of daintiness. But do make sure it's Lux! Actual washing tests prove Lux keeps dainty wear new-looking 3 times longer than harsh washday methods.



U.154.1



# Doctor brings back hospital ideas from U.S.

## Mothers and babies will benefit from his six months' study

A young Australian doctor, Dr. Robert Mackey, has returned, full of information and ideas, from a six months' tour of American obstetric hospitals on which he was sent by the Federal Government.

He has brought back recommendations for improving administration and equipment of maternity hospitals, including a new spinal anaesthetic which provides painless childbirth.

AMERICA's maternity hospitals are facing many of the same problems that confront us in Australia—wartime increase of births, shortage of medical staff, and inadequate hospital accommodation.

Dr. Mackey saw how U.S. is coping with these problems, and he also saw the comparative luxury made possible by the lavish endowments enjoyed by many establishments.

"Some of the big hospitals are run on the lines of first-class hotels," said Dr. Mackey. "There are telephones, radios, a visiting hairdresser for the patients."

"In New York Lying-in Hospital the patient can have her clothes taken away to the dry-cleaners and brought back in time for her to leave hospital."

"Cafeterias, luncheon-rooms, soft-drink bars, and shops are part of the hospital."

"Chicago Lying-in Hospital has restrooms for fathers awaiting the arrival of babies. The restrooms contain beds, bathrooms, radio, library."

"Some hospitals also have restrooms for doctors, so that if they are delayed on a case they can have a proper sleep."

One of the finest hospitals Dr. Mackey visited was the Margaret Hague Hospital in Jersey City.

"It is probably the largest maternity hospital in the world," he said.

"It confines 8000 mothers a year—about twice as many as at Crown Street, Sydney. The maximum number of beds in any ward is four."

"One of its numerous services for patients is an announcement of the birth of a baby in the Jersey City papers, free of charge."

"The hospital's nurses' quarters are palatial. They are 16 or 18 stories high, and are supplied with every facility for the nurses, including



FATHERS learn how to look after their babies at special classes conducted by Maternity Centre Association in America.



THE DOCTOR'S WIFE, Mrs. Robert Mackey, with their younger daughter, Helen, 20 months.

small private apartments and an inquiry-desk to take messages for them.

"A revolution has taken place at Harvard University. For the first time in its history it is going to admit women students to its medical school."

"Shortage of medical students is the reason."

Dr. Mackey nearly missed the birth of quads at the Philadelphia Lying-in Hospital.

While interviewing a Professor of Obstetrics in Washington he received a message inviting him to be present at the birth of the quads. He arrived at Baltimore at 2 a.m. and had to reach Philadelphia by 9 a.m.

"The first three—girls—had arrived," he said, "and I was there just in time for the arrival of the fourth—a boy."

"The mother had been given a spinal anaesthetic, and it was her second Cesarean section. The four babies arrived in 40 minutes."

The anaesthetic was given by Dr. Hingson, whose enudal anaesthetic, to provide painless childbirth, has been brought back to Australia by Dr. Mackey.

Many American society women, including wives in the Roosevelt family, have their babies at the Philadelphia Lying-in Hospital.

"Doctors' fees cost them anything from 150 dollars (\$50)," said Dr. Mackey, "and the hospital charges start from 15 to 20 dollars a day for a bed (\$5 to \$6)."

A working man's wife can get a bed at the same hospital for 25 to 75 dollars for the whole confinement (\$8 to \$25), with free medical attention, according to her means, and, of course, her whole term in hospital is free if necessary.

"Nurses' pay seems high by comparison of actual wages, but when you consider the high cost of living in America their earnings would be worth about the same as our nurses' pay here," he said.

"Their living quarters are of a very high standard. Hospitals also encourage their graduate nurses to live out in their own apartments."

"Nurses in California are highly regimented. They work on the shift system—eight hours on and 16 hours off."

"They are very well trained on the administrative side and often after their training hold administrative posts that are usually filled by doctors here."

"After graduating, a nurse may do a term in the superintendent's office, then a term in the chief of the nursing staff's office."

"In some hospitals a nurse has been appointed assistant superintendent, a purely administrative post. At the Free Hospital for Women in Boston the superintendent is a trained nurse."

"The food question is another interesting aspect of American hospitals," Dr. Mackey said.

"To cope with manpower shortages and food rationing, the cafeteria system has been introduced almost universally."

"Under this system it is possible to provide a quick service and a bigger variety of food. Doctors, nurses, and lay staff—office and domestic workers—all use the same cafeteria and sit, all mixed up, together at the same tables."

Dr. Mackey said experiments in artificial insemination are being carried out in several States, particularly in New York.

Already some thousands of babies, artificially inseminated, have been born in America.

There is a fathers' donors' club, for which the men volunteering must pass severe medical tests. Both the husband and the wife must consent



DR. MACKAY with their elder daughter, Robin, aged three.

to the treatment, and the name of the donor is never divulged.

"In some cases the wife adopts her child legally in case a donor may try to claim the child," said Dr. Mackey.

"One of the most interesting people I met, and one doing one of the most worthwhile jobs in America, is Miss Hazel Corbin," Dr. Mackey added.

"She runs the Maternity Centre Association in New York, branches of which are being opened throughout the country."

"Her aim is to instruct women on all aspects of pregnancy, so that they come into hospital without fear, knowing exactly what is going to happen to them."

"She gives them a series of lectures illustrated with photographs of plaster models of the various stages of pregnancy and childbirth."

NEW Australians for whose benefit Dr. Mackey visited America. They were born at Crown Street Hospital, Sydney, where he is medical superintendent. Last year 4153 babies were born at this hospital.

"She has now instituted a course for fathers, so that they will be useful, instead of helpless, when their new babies come home, and also so that they can watch their wives during the months of pregnancy and persuade them to go to the doctor immediately if they suspect anything is wrong."

Miss Corbin also conducts a series of clinics throughout New York to train nurses in midwifery for home deliveries.

"The Association is in charge of a large committee of women, and has been generously endowed. Lectures are given free."

"Its latest activity is a practical attempt to stamp out child delinquency. It will give a course of lectures in child psychology and child management generally to both mothers and fathers, so that they can fit themselves to look after their children from before they are born until they are old enough to look after themselves."

Miss Corbin gave Dr. Mackey a set of her charts and lecture material, which he plans to present to Crown Street Hospital for the benefit of nursing trainees.

"America provides many practical aids for mothers," Dr. Mackey said.

"For instance, there are paper diapers that can be bought by the packet, which are a wonderful help if a mother is traveling with her baby, or has no laundry facilities."

"In some cities there is a diaper service, which delivers diapers to the door and takes them away in bins fitted with an antiseptic device, returning a fresh lot laundered and disinfected."

"In Boston and Philadelphia there are Mothers' Milk Stations, where milk is stored from mothers who have an excess. The mothers give or sell the milk, according to their financial situation."

"The milk is scientifically treated, so that it can be stored indefinitely and is available for sick or premature babies. It is shipped out to them in refrigerated containers by plane or train."

"These aids seem a much more practical way of persuading women to have babies than by launching a propaganda campaign."

Dr. Mackey, who has been on the staff of Sydney Women's Hospital, Royal Prince Alfred and Prince Henry Hospitals, and was a lecturer at Sydney University for some time, is now medical superintendent of Crown Street Women's Hospital.

He served with the Army for three years, and was with a field ambulance unit with the 9th Division at Finschhafen and Lae.



# Editorial

MARCH 17, 1945

## PROBLEM OF GERMANY

AS the Allied forces advance into Germany, they leave in their rear large numbers of German civilians.

Some of these civilians, having survived the battle, claim that they were anti-Nazi all the time.

Only fear, they say, led them to hail Hitler so enthusiastically.

These people, if given half a chance, would try to ingratiate themselves with their conquerors.

Others among the German civilians are frankly morose and hostile.

But Allied soldiers have orders to pay no attention to either group of Germans, beyond defending themselves if attacked.

There will be no friendliness, no fraternisation.

What the ultimate solution of the German civilian problem will be remains to be seen.

A whole generation of German youth has been educated to despise and disregard Christian ethics.

Kindness, unselfishness, mercy, keeping one's word—these have been regarded as marks of weakness, ill befitting triumphant Germans.

Men in their twenties have known no other philosophy than this one of ruthlessness and greed for power.

Can they ever be re-educated into citizens of the peacetime world?

One thing is certain.

When peace comes again, however Germany as a nation is treated, these fanatics must never again have a chance to assert themselves.

They have killed, maimed, and tortured the helpless all over Europe.

There is no reason anyone should be kind to them now that their turn is coming to be the under-dogs.

# Readers stirred by orphan's story



COTTAGE HOME at Tally Ho Home for Boys, in Victoria, where twelve boys live in a family atmosphere, with cottage parents.

## Hundreds of letters advocate reforms in children's homes

Publication of the article, "I Was Brought Up in a Home," by a 23-year-old typist in our issue of March 3 has created widespread interest among our readers.

Hundreds of letters express sympathy with the institution child's hunger for love and personal importance. Nearly all urge the establishment of cottage Homes, as advocated by Miss Elizabeth Govan, Director of Sydney University Board of Social Studies.

BELOW we publish a selection of the letters, writers of which range from mothers, matrons of Homes, welfare workers, to sympathisers.

"As the mother of a little foster-daughter, who lived her first 4½ years in a Home, I know that it is love a child misses in a Home, but know, too, that Jennifer's Matron is aware of it as well," writes Mrs. A. Young, of Belmont, N.S.W.

"When Jennifer had lived with us 12 months I decided to take her back to the Home to renew acquaintance with Matron and her staff, and the 77 girls.

"Matron's love for Jennifer was manifest when she said, 'Hello, sweetheart,' but her eyes said much more.

"Great excitement followed as Jennifer joined the crowd of girls playing in the yard.

"I was privileged to take parties of these girls out, and their reaction was touching. The ten-year-olds and under would jostle each other in an effort to walk beside me and hold my hand.

"Yes, it is love a child misses in a Home, but the circumstances of their life, not a matron or institution, have robbed them.

"In the present Homes, with the girls forming one big group, contacts of an unfavorable nature must be formed.

"In normal family life a mother will express disapproval or otherwise of friends, without taking from the child the individual's privilege of choosing for himself."

"When Jennifer came to us her young mind was very complex.

"Jennifer could not fit in with the children who had known a normal family childhood. . . Her first year with us was a very difficult one—difficult for Jennifer, as well as for me.

"Relatives were one of Jennifer's greatest delights.

"At first she got aunts and uncles strangely mixed, and thought her cousins were the same as her playmates' brothers."

"The very young cousins she loved,

almost to distraction . . . and to her dollies Jennifer loved to say:

"Dolly, do you know what? I have a Grandma; did you hear me, Dolly, a really, truly Grandma."

"I hope Miss Govan's dream of the Ideal Home is a reality in the very near future.

"The male-less world of the Home sends forth a youngster severely handicapped.

"Jennifer would neither look at nor speak to her Daddy for the first three weeks. She thought a Daddy entirely surplus, and said so.

"As in most Homes, the work, except cooking and laundry, was done by the girls.

"Jennifer, at four and a half, could make her own bed, and asked to be allowed wash a floor, to show me how she had helped the 'dining-room girls'."

"I shall always be very sorry for every child whom circumstances place in a Home.

"But at the same time I hope our little Jennifer will one day be able to appreciate what a big job the matrons and staffs are doing."

## Cottage scheme

ONE letter came from Dr. C. Irving Benson, Superintendent of the Central Mission, Melbourne, which conducts the Tally Ho Cottage Home for Boys.

This Home was mentioned by Miss Govan as a splendid example of the cottage type of Home.

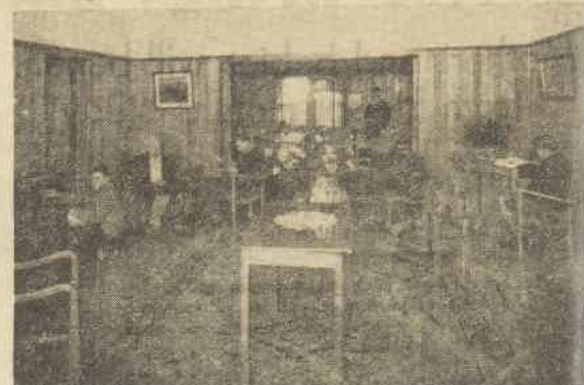
"About 100 problem boys between eight and 18 years are accommodated at Tally Ho Farm, 12 miles east of Melbourne," Dr. Benson says.

"Training is through self-government, in which the boys and staff co-operate.

"In 1939 we began an extensive rebuilding scheme to transform the Home into a village of 12 cottages in which each group of children would correspond to the family.

"The first cottage was erected four years ago, but because of the war work on the 12 other cottages has had to be postponed."

Matron K. M. W. Howard, of St.



SITTING-ROOM in the cottage Home, where every attempt is made to eliminate the feeling of being in an institution.

Gabriel's School, Waverley, N.S.W., writes:—

"I worked for years in a children's Home, run by the Church of England Sisters.

"It is one of the finest places one could find anywhere in Australia.

"The children are fed well on a nourishing, balanced diet, and are clothed better than many whose parents are receiving good salaries.

"They go to pictures, concerts, to many parties and picnics and are given many parties.

"They have pocket money each week, too. The sisters and secular staff have the welfare of each child at heart.

"They are not stinted for affection.

"They are taken to the beach for two weeks' holiday each year, and are dressed in beach attire, like all other children.

"Your writer evidently did not get such treatment. It is a pity, but your readers must not judge all places by that one.

"They must know that charity can be kind and warm, not cold and cheerless."

"Children reared in large institutions or small cottage Homes naturally miss the real love that only a mother supplies," writes Mrs. A. Irving, sub-matron, Merewether, N.S.W.

"Workers among children of various temperaments often lack the patience required to ensure happiness for all those in their care."

Clara T. Allan, of North Caulfield, Vic., writes:

"Dear Typist,—  
I have read with some indignation your article on Children in Homes.

"I have worked for Children's Homes in Victoria—the Mission of St. James and St. John.

"I have visited the homes unexpectedly, and have found a very nice tea set forth for the children, particularly on Sunday evening.

"The tea consisted of mugs of milk, bread, butter, and jam, and plenty of very nice cakes.

"I find it difficult to believe that you were never given a roast dinner or taught to use a knife and fork.

"And please don't think that the lot of every child brought up in its own home is all bliss.

"There is one thing you have never had to experience, and that is the lot of the small child or children about the ten-years-of-age stage whose mother puts her children to bed and goes out and leaves them alone."

Miss Jenness Pryor, Five Dock, N.S.W.:

"Tears came to my eyes and burned there while I endeavored to

finish your article through the mist of them.

"I did not realise till I read your article how little I had appreciated the wonderful love and home-life my parents gave me."



## CAPT. A. W. STALEY

Legion of merit

FOR exceptionally meritorious conduct and outstanding services to U.S. forces in New Guinea.

Captain Allan W. Staley, A.I.F., of Melbourne, has been awarded rare American honor

Legion of Merit. As liaison officer with bombardment squadron, he gave valuable aid to U.S. bombers in locating difficult targets, contributing materially to success of Huon Peninsula operations last year.



## MISS P. MOUNTBATTEN

keeping up tradition

KEEPING up famous Mountbatten naval tradition, 20-year-old Patricia, W.R.N.S., is

serving as watch-keeper at signals distributing office at naval establishment in England. The other daughter of the

Allied Supreme Commander in South-east Asia

and Lady Louis Mountbatten, Pamela, is five years Patricia's junior. Lady Louis is superintendent-in-chief, St. John Ambulance Brigade, London.

MISS P. MOUNTBATTEN

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



# Trawlers now sweep for fish instead of mines



ONE OF THE CREW drops the after-board over the side. There are two of these boards attached to each net to keep the entrance open.

## Released from war service to stock nation's larder

With an escort of shrilling gulls, a small ship chugged up Sydney Harbor one evening last week at sunset. She was the Tongkol, fishing trawler back on her peacetime job after five years as a mine-sweeper along the Australian coast.

She nosed her way easily alongside the Quay, and her crew, wearing their best shore-going clothes, complete with collars and ties, worked at top speed to berth the little craft. Then they clambered on to the dock and made for their homes on 36 hours' leave.

**T**RAWLER crews don't waste time in getting ashore when their ship docks, for they have only a day and a half between trips. These last from six to eight days, or sometimes longer, depending on fisherman's luck.

By the time the men were sitting comfortably with their families, a shore gang was on board for the work of discharging the silver-scaled fish which lay packed in ice in the Tongkol's spacious holds.

Hopeful passers-by were lingering on the side of the wharf in case a few fish might be purchased to supplement a slim meat ration.

As well as the Tongkol, two other trawlers are operating again now—the Alfie Cam and the Goon-amber, which belong to the firm of Cam Brothers, who, before the war, operated steam and Seine trawlers.

Regular fishing trips by these just-released ships will mean a much-needed source of supply for Australia's larder, but their catches will contribute only a fraction of peacetime production.

Fourteen steam trawlers sailed out of Sydney before the war, and the average yearly catch for each trawler was 1,000,000 lbs.

Australians then ate 14 lb. of fish per head per annum. In November, 1944, statistics showed that the consumption was down to 5 lb.

Trawler men, many of whom served their apprenticeship in this skilled trade in the trawlers sailing out of Grimsby, famous English fishing port, need no charts to know when they have reached their fishing grounds on the weekly trips.

The net goes over the side and is below for three hours.

THE CATCH comes aboard in the strong net, which is usually under the water for three hours.



SHIP'S APPRENTICE Noel Minton (centre) washes down the decks after the fish have been stowed. Second-mate J. H. Smith (right) does the hoisting. A.B. Brook also scrubs.

When fishing it is not unusual to bring up a couple of seals. The trawler men say that the animals are very cunning. If they got into the net long before it was due to be hauled in they would not be able to get out and would drown.

So they wait until the net has been down a long time and it is almost full of fish before they push their way through to eat their share of the catch.

When the net comes aboard and is emptied on the decks the seals calmly flop their way over the side of the ship. They seem to know sailors will never harm a seal.

Only a few days after the outbreak of the war the Navy took over the sturdy little trawlers which comprised Australia's fishing fleet.

When the ships went into the Navy many of their captains and crews volunteered to go with them. Training of the crew for mine-sweeping in the converted ships also gave the Navy experienced men for the fleet of corvettes then being built.

The trawler captains, after long years of fishing, knew the coast as well as they knew the streets of their home suburbs.

Skipper of the Tongkol, William Edmonds, of Crowa Nest, N.S.W., was one of the captains.

Mine-sweeping was no new experience for him, as he served in a mine-sweeper for five years in the last war, in England.

"The mines are much worse this war," he said, "and bigger, too."



A GOOD CATCH is sorted by the crew and put into baskets ready for storing in the hold in ice. Fish mostly caught are the tiger flathead.

"In this war most patrols took us along the north coast."

For one sea rescue Captain Edmonds and the crew received a letter of congratulation from U.S. naval headquarters in Washington.

The Tongkol went out to rescue the crew of a 100-ton American supply ship which had sprung a leak and sunk off the Queensland coast.

When the Tongkol reached the crew, who had been in the water for 24 hours, there was a gale blowing. The small boat launched from the Tongkol was swamped while trying to pick up the survivors, so rescuers and rescued had to clamber up the sides of the Tongkol while it rolled heavily in the big sea.

## No superstitions

CAPTAIN EDMONDS, who was born in Suffolk, on the English coast, had been fishing since he was a boy, and at 14 went to sea in trawlers. In all he has had 43 years at sea.

After the last war he and his wife and two small children decided to come to Australia for a holiday. Mrs. Edmonds found herself such a bad sailor on the trip out that she wouldn't make the voyage back.

"So that's how we came to live in Australia," said Captain Edmonds.

After 43 years at sea, Captain Edmonds says he has no superstitions. But some trawler captains have. The story is told of one who would never allow "women or rabbits" in his ship.

Another regarded pigs as the worst possible omen. This man was once on his way to the wharf from which his trawler was sailing when a pig ran across his path.

He immediately went home, waited a while, and then started out afresh on his journey.

First-engineer in the Tongkol, Mr. W. McRae, is, in accordance with the old sea tradition, a Scot. He comes from Aberdeen.

He made his first trip to Australia in H.M.S. Renown when it brought the Prince of Wales here.

Before the war, the trawling fleet was centred in N.S.W. The large steam trawlers, which are about 200 tons, had Sydney as their port, and out of smaller harbors such as Jervis Bay, Ulladulla, Twofold Bay, the Seine trawlers sail.

These are small wooden ships with an average tonnage of 24.

The best fishing grounds for trawling are to be found on the south-east of Australia, where the ocean bottom is shallow and even.

According to fishery expert Mr. T. C. Roughley, Superintendent of State fisheries, there are only about 6000 square miles which provide suitable trawling areas on the whole of Australia's vast eastern and southern coastline.

The Great Australian Bight has good grounds, but they are too far away from a port to be of much use.

Australia's fishing areas are indeed small when compared with England's rich fishing areas in the North Sea, which cover 130,000 square miles.

"This probably explains why Australians are such small fish-eaters in comparison with other countries," said Mr. Roughley.

Half of the amount of fish eaten each year in Australia was, before the war, imported from overseas mostly as canned fish, such as salmon, sardines, herrings, and kip-pers, which are now mere gastro-nomic memories.



FIRST ENGINEER in the Tongkol, Mr. W. McRae, goes ashore as soon as the ship docks. Trawler men have about 36 hours' leave between voyages.



JOURNEY'S END and the skipper, William Edmonds, is ready to go ashore. He has served in two wars in mine-sweepers and has been at sea 43 years.



FISHING TRAWLER Tongkol ties up at a wharf in Sydney Harbor after a week's fishing trip. These trawlers have been released by the Navy recently.



## Hostels for post-war vacations

GREATER provision should be made for the lower salary and wage group in post-war tourist planning. Luxury hotels are doubtless attractions for interstate and overseas visitors, but why not give the majority a chance to enjoy change of scene at a moderate charge?

With our young people already educated to communal life in the Services, a chain of hostels, with equipped grounds for camping and caravanning, and safe, supervised playgrounds for children, should fill a popular need and would be self-supporting.

Such establishments to be set up where easily accessible by train or other public transport, and each in the charge of a suitable married couple—preferably with a knowledge of first-aid.

11 to Marcia B. Robson, 2 Pen-y-bryn Place, Launceston, Tas.

## Eggs for the old

NOW that nursing and expectant mothers, some invalids, and young children are to receive an egg ration, why not old-age pensioners?

These elderly people often cannot eat meat, and enjoy eggs for their meals.

5/- to Mrs. E. Dibben, 78 Denison St., Newtown, N.S.W.

## Darning is women's work

"REFORMER" (24/2/45) is one of many who write on the subject of men doing their own mending. If it were suggested that women chop their own wood, etc., they would be the first to protest. Why, then, should men have to do women's work when women refuse to do a man's work?

5/- to Mrs. J. Graham, Glenapp, via Beaudesert, Qld.

# What's on your mind?

## Hints for visitors

IT would help the nurses considerably if every visitor, except when special permission has been given to stay, would leave the wards as soon as the visiting bell is rung to denote that "time is up."

Many visitors completely ignore the summons, and then get huffy when asked to leave.

Visitors could greatly help the nursing and domestic staff also if they would straighten the mats and put back the chairs before leaving.

When nurses are working at top pressure every extra step counts, and every minute is precious.

5/- to M. Philpot, Swansea Rd., Lilydale, Vic.

## Civilian doctors needed

IT is about time that several batches of doctors, male and female, were released from the fighting Services and returned to civilian practice.

The shortage of medicals on the home front has reached dangerous limits, where both the public and the doctors in practice are suffering. Even in urgent cases it is almost impossible to obtain medical attention without at least giving a day's notice.

5/- to Mrs. N. Wood, 708 George St., Sydney.

## Hotel hours

IF hotels are allowed to remain open after 6 p.m., gone will be the quiet evenings we have now. The 10 o'clock closing was a nightmare. We are hoping for peace after this war, so let us have it. We are also hoping to have our men at home with us at night.

Our social standard will not be improved by opening hotels after dinner. Life for the wife and mother is hard enough now to bring up a family, so why make it harder by putting temptation in the way of

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

the weak? Why not ration it? We have coupons for our cups of tea, and we should have coupons for beer.

5/- to G. Jewell, 6 Liguria St., Geelong, N.S.W.

## Selfish travellers

I AM a daily tram traveller, and I cannot help noticing how selfish some people are in regard to the seating of passengers.

Tram seats are made to accommodate about five persons, and are usually occupied by about three people, who place cases, parcels, and, sometimes, children who pay no fares beside them.

Not contented then, they open a newspaper and begin to read, while



old people are standing. When their attention is directed to the fact that someone else wants a seat, there is a sigh, a slow "move up," as a rule accompanied by a cold stare.

5/- to James Edson, 62 Plunkett St., Drummoyle, N.S.W.

## Broken glass

I HAVE often seen boys and girls cut their hand or foot while swimming.

This is mostly due to broken glass in the water. I think that people who carelessly throw bits of glass into the water are endangering the life of a boy or girl.

I do not see why people cannot put their broken glass into a rubbish bin, as there are plenty of them placed at frequent intervals along the beaches where people picnic.

5/- to Dean McPhee (10 years), 251 Magill Rd., Trinity Gardens, S.A.

## Opal engagement ring

WHY not have Australian engagement rings set with opals instead of diamonds? Our opals are beautiful gems, far prettier than the best diamonds, and much less expensive. Also the opal is a typical Australian gem, whereas the diamond is not.

5/- to A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

## More work for teachers

I AM afraid M. Neale's suggestion (24/2/45) re the distribution of school wear through the schools, is impracticable. Manpower considerations would rule out the appointment of special people for the task. This would leave it to teachers, already overworked.

They have to cope with oversized classes, and many non-teaching duties such as medical record-keeping and clothing coupons for bigger children.

It seems to me more important to have teachers free to teach our children well than to force them to become vendors of new or second-hand clothing.

5/- to Mrs. M. Robertson, 3 Werona St., Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

## Look after our own war orphans

WOULD it not be better to get things settled in our own country before bringing in child refugees from England and Europe, as Mrs. Langbourne suggests (11/11/44).

Wait until our own returned men have jobs. The children of those men who have lost their lives fighting for Australia should be the first to be thought of. Perhaps Mrs. Langbourne should be enlightened to the fact that we have orphanages in Australia with children who need to be made "happy and healthy," with good homes and work in the future.

Let us build a grand war memorial among our own people first, and then, and not until then, should we bring others into the country.

5/- to A. L. Hanson, 5th E/O, c/o 16 Strand Rd., Calcutta, India.

## Actors' names

I THINK that the names of the actors in a film should be shown at the end of the picture.

So often one has enjoyed the performance by a character actor or charming young actress and then left the theatre without knowing who played the role.

5/- to Mrs. R. Moran, 24 Steinfeld St., Ballarat, Vic.

## No stigma

ONE of the best things that has come out of the progress of women is the almost entire elimination of the term "old maid" from our modern conversation.

It is no longer a stigma for women to choose to remain unmarried. Today the world realises as never before that "Miss" as a prefix to a woman's name may mean greater courage than "Mrs."

5/- to Miss L. Scott, 1 Holt St., Sydney.

## DOCTOR

HANSEN shut his eyes as the schoolmaster scratched the last words. "Give it to me and I'll sign it," he said.

"Just a minute, sir," Burke interrupted. "How do you know Speck took your medicine?"

"Because," Hansen replied, wearily, "I found the bottle in his bathroom. One dose had been taken. It was easy for me to slip the bottle into my pocket and destroy it later."

"I see," Burke said. "I'd like you to put that in, sir."

The doctor nodded to Hennessey, who wrote rapidly and handed the document to him. "I'd better read it over to you first," Burke said.

Hansen made a motion of assent. "Hurry, please."

Burke read in his dreary official manner, and the doctor signed it. "I'm sorry to have been such a trouble to you, Burke," he said.

"What happened to Speck?" began, but Price interrupted rudely: "Shut up, Ford."

Burke was busy at the table looking over the document, while Hennessey dried the signature. I don't think the doctor even heard me, and then Mrs. Marven began shushing us out of the room. The constable lingered behind, and as he put the document in his pocket, I heard him say: "I'm not quite sure how I should act, sir," and Hansen's voice, a little whimsical in reply: "Don't worry too much, Burke. I think the problem will be settled for you—pretty soon."

It was. He died that night.

At first Hansen's confession displeased me. Price was present when Mrs. Marven came down and broke the news of his death, and, after the first commonplace condolences, Price pecked at me sardoniously. After Mrs. Marven had gone, he had the impudence to take my arm and lead me out on to the verandah.

He said: "This rather puts you on a spot, Ford."

"I don't know what you mean," I said.

## Continuing . . . Old Sinners Never Die

from page 4

His horse was tethered to a post, and, as he threw the reins over its head and put his foot in the stirrup, he looked over his shoulder at me. "Oh, yes you do," he said. "Remember—I warned you." He swung himself into the saddle. "I wouldn't be in your shoes for £1000," he said. "You and your rotten shares, you blackmailing swindler."

Before I could do anything he had cantered off.

I wondered what he had in mind, and felt vaguely uneasy. You never knew with a man like Price. Now that Hansen's carelessness and confession had cleared him and Helen, one couldn't tell what he might do. He was impulsive and he'd be vindictive. And he hated me!

He would never have paid me that £1000. Not he! He'd have let Helen pay, let her take all the risk!

I began to feel a bit sorry for Helen and then I suddenly realised I could help her by buying the shares back. I determined to have a word with her at once. I had seen Price ride out of the town, so went to call on her immediately.

She was a little cool but plainly curious. We talked for a while about Dr. Hansen and his confession and I worked the conversation round till I could quote from the article I had written for the "Banner."

"Perhaps you saw it," I said. She said: "No, I haven't seen it. I rarely do. I must get a copy and read it."

I knew, then that she could not have seen the paragraph about the company and I said: "I have really come here to apologise, Mrs. Speck. Dr. Hansen's confession puts such a different complexion on things. I feel embarrassed and thoroughly ashamed of myself for my unworthy suspicions. I feel I can only make amends by buying back the shares. I have brought a cheque with me. If you will let me have the script with the necessary signed transfers

we can complete the whole thing and forget all about it and I hope be friends once more."

She said: "I think you are making a very generous acknowledgment, Mr. Ford. Appearances are very much against us at times. I shall be glad to accept your cheque in the spirit in which it is offered."

She went away and returned with the script and signed the transfers on the very table from which I had seen her take the chocolate box away from her husband on the night of his death. I gave her the cheque and we shook hands. She actually smiled as she said good-night.

I felt easier in mind. I didn't think Price would try any funny business or attempt to intimidate me now that his woman had her money. Certainly Helen wouldn't want any further probing into the wretched business. We were all back from where we started, and



Price would simply find later that I'd had the laugh on him.

I wondered whether Eileen had recovered from the shock she had received at Boldini's seizure and I determined to see her. I could no longer bring myself to believe that she would throw me over for a penniless ne'er-do-well.

I had already written her a dignified note deploring her decision and her action in returning my ring, and had asked her to consider the matter in the light of the promise she had made over the bed of her dying father. I asked her not to throw away her life and face a future of poverty when she had only to say the word and I would freely forgive everything.

She had not replied to that, and, as I walked to her home, I supposed she was ashamed of herself. I made up my mind, come what might, I would not rebuke her. I would be kindness itself, and, if Larry returned, I determined to meet him generously, without rancor, and hold out the hand of friendship.

Eileen was not at home when I arrived. Agatha Garner was looking after Mahoney and gave me a cold greeting before ushering me into the sick room. Perhaps, I thought, it was just as well I was seeing Mahoney first. He at least was on my side.

He looked much better than when I last saw him, and the idea that he might have wilfully exaggerated his ailments in order to hook a good husband for his daughter flitted unpleasantly through my mind. He was in quite a happy mood.

"I'm glad you've come, Ford," he said. "Sorry, of course, about you and Eileen, but you know—love's young dream."

"I am quite ready to overlook everything, Mr. Mahoney," I said, rather at a loss to understand his words. "That is, if Eileen has come to her senses."

HE looked at me shrewdly, and pursed his lips.

"Um," he said, putting the tips of his skinny fingers together. "I'm afraid it is not as easy as all that. You see, Larry turning up has invested him with an air of romance, and well, you know, Mr. Ford, what young girls are. Not much romance about penny stamps and postcards, eh? I'm afraid you must take your gruel, old man."

"Are you trying to tell me," I asked, beginning to fume inwardly, "that Eileen is really going to marry Ward?"

"Fraid so, Ford," he said. "Fraid so, my boy. Hot-blooded youth, you know. Parents haven't much say these days."

"Do you mean you'll permit your daughter to wed this—this pauper?" "Oh, come now, Ford," he said. "Larry's a nice boy. We all have to make a beginning. He'll do all right."

I couldn't understand his attitude. He had whined to me about death-beds and the fear of leaving his daughter penniless, and now, apparently, he was content to die and leave her to the mercy of a man with neither a shilling in his pocket nor a prospect in the world. I picked up my hat and bade him a curt good evening. He held out a thin hand, but I ignored it, and, without bothering the Garner woman, let myself out and walked away in a towering rage.

My cup of bitterness was not yet full, however, for I met Garnet Price on the verandah of the hotel. He stopped me with a show of friendliness.

"Ah, there you are, Ford," he cried. "I wanted to see you. Helen has told me about you buying the shares back. I'm glad you've done the decent thing."

I resented his implication and was in no mood to talk.

"After Hansen's confession it just seemed the right thing to do," I said.

Please turn to page 15



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

A POWERFUL planetary week lies ahead. There's an unusual predominance of fortunate planetary radiations which can affect many people.

The period as a whole favors chiefly those born under Pisces, Scorpio, and Cancer, while particular days favor specially those born under Aries, Leo, and Aquarius.

Even Virgoans, Geminians, and Sagittarians, who could ordinarily expect a difficult time just now, may look forward to comparative peace if they act wisely and with forethought.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Some good weeks ahead, no seek gains, changes, promotions, and happiness. Good fortune can start immediately. March 19 (noon to 4 p.m.) good, March 20 (late evening) good.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): March 17, March 18 (near noon and after dusk), and March 19 (to 4 p.m.) all very fair.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Be cautious, discreet, patient, and cheerful at this time; be indulgent, and there may be troubles, especially on March 19 and 20.

**CANCER** (June 21 to July 21): Try to start or finish important matters immediately. March 17 (to 8 a.m.) good, (after 3 p.m.) fair; March 18 (afternoon), poor, balance helpful. March 19 (forenoon), good.

**LEO** (July 21 to August 21): March 18 (forenoon to sunset) good, March 20 (dawn and midnight hours) fair. Good weeks ahead.

**VIRGO** (August 21 to September 21): Beware of pitfalls, losses, upheavals, unwise changes, disruption, especially on March 19 and 20. Discretion will help you to dodge most troubles now.

**LIBRA** (September 21 to October 21): Get important matters completed now, then the queries for some weeks. March 20 (to 8 a.m.) fair; March 19 (forenoon to sunset) quite good. March 20 (after dusk), very fair.

**SCORPIO** (October 21 to November 21): An excellent week if you plan wisely and work hard. Seek desired goals, changes, gains.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 21 to December 21): Be cautious this week, but plan for good weeks thereafter. March 19 and 20 can all be obstructive.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21 to January 21): Some important matters (forenoon and evening) all helpful. Also March 19 (forenoon to dusk) and March 20 (dawn and late evening).

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 21): March 19 (forenoon to 4 p.m.) and March 20 (near dawn and after dusk) can all be very fair.

**PISCES** (February 21 to March 21): A fortunate week. March 17 (to 8 a.m.) and March 18 (forenoon) fortunate. Seek progress, gains, changes.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Now, Mopsy, you know I don't care for Jill. She's very two-faced."

"Yes, I notice one of them is still on your lapel."



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Were lured to a masque ball at Kord Key, West Indies, by **BARON KORD:** A sinister man, who wants to marry Narda. Kord's sister Trina is the only guest not chained to her chair.

Mandrake and Lothar are knocked out by Kord's armed thugs. Trina later tells Narda the guests are "kordies" or "zombies," and that Mandrake will soon become one of them. Kord had once punished Trina by making her a "zombie," and Trina implores Narda to obey Kord. **NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED



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POSTAL ADDRESS: BOX 503AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY



**134WK2: Two-piece Pyjamas** of suede finish flannelette in delicate shades of peach, sky and lemon. They're warm as toast and wash very well. S.W. and W. at 22/6; O.S. size of 24/2. 14 coupons are required.

**136WK1: "Miss Modern" Pyjamas** in one-piece, drop-back style. They're made of cosy flannelette in washable peach, sky or lemon. Bust sizes: 30, 32, 34 inch, and the price, 29/11. 14 coupons needed.

WRITE, 'PHONE OR CALL PERSONALLY FOR THESE

**28WK5: Interlock cotton Vest** with shaped shoulder and neckline. In peach shade or cream. S.W., W., O.S. at 6/-, X.O.S. 7/-. 4 cps. needed.

**26WK6: Pantee** to match the vest in soft, interlock cotton. Flat front waist and elastic back. Peach or cream. S.W., W., O.S. at 6/-, X.O.S. 7/-. 4 coupons are needed.

**26WK7: All-wool Vest** with the "Nevashnik" label. Round necked style with fancy edging. In cream only. S.W., W., O.S. 7/7, X.O.S. at 9/2. 4 coupons necessary.

**28WK8: Pantee** to match the vest. Has adjustable waistband and washes very well. Cream only. S.W. to O.S. 7/7, X.O.S. 9/2. 4 coupons.

WRITE, 'PHONE OR CALL FOR THESE





# Great preparations of guard for Royal visitor



F.O. REG GEORGE, who is doing his second tour of operations with the R.A.F. He has made 46 operational flights. F.O. George went to England a little more than a year ago. He is navigator with a Pathfinder squadron, and has been offered a civilian aviation job in England after the war. Photo sent by his mother, Mrs. P. George, 22 Byron St., Coogee, N.S.W.

Bayonets and boots gleamed and uniforms were immaculate when the Duke of Gloucester made his first inspection of an A.I.F. guard since his arrival in Australia.

There were 120 soldiers in the guard and one of them describes all the preparations in a letter to his wife.

"OUR unit supplied 20 men for the Royal Guard, and I was very pleased to be one of them," writes Gnr. N. B. Jellett, in the North, to his wife at 26 Fawcner Street, Essendon, Vic.

"There was plenty of tearing round, and we packed our personal things and moved off at noon to Corps Headquarters, where we were to be trained.

"We were trained with plenty of foot and rifle drill, presenting of arms, and falling-in as a guard, as well as any amount of marching, so that we could all get a good swing together.

"Much ado was going on as to what we would wear. After two or three parades and chasing round to get greens, it was decided it was

impossible to match them perfectly, and that we should wear a blue-grey color.

"Then the fun started, chasing about all over the place getting our sets together. It was 10 o'clock on Friday night when we were paraded to fit them and be issued. We took our tailor down with us, and he did any necessary alterations. We also had a barber, as we all had to be trimmed up for the big day.

"The slacks were of herringbone and the shirts a very nice, plain material. All our webbing had to be whitened, and with the wet weather it was a terrible job trying to dry it. Big fires were going in the canteen, and chaps were up till 11 o'clock on Sunday night drying it.

"On Monday morning we marched up to the ground where the ceremony was to take place.

"At 12.30 we had to make our way down to the road to form up. You would have laughed to see us lipo-tizing over wet patches to avoid dirtying our boots, which were finished off with a mirror finish. Never have we put so much work on boots and equipment. Some chaps were



R.A.A.F. AUSTRALIAN RULES football team in north-western area. Back Row (left to right): G. Read, C. Scrammell, J. Biddle, R. Aitken, R. O'Connell, F. D'Olive, L. Martin, F. Moloney. Centre Row: J. Burton, F. Burgess, R. Harland, G. Hitchcock, R. Fitzcarrine, M. Curnow. Front Row: G. Honeyman, T. Moloney, L. Van, K. Schneider, G. Hucking.

up half the night polishing boots and bayonet scabbards.

"We marched up behind the band to the saluting base and parade ground.

"There was a lovely little weather-board cottage, which had been specially shifted there for the Duke to reside in during his visit. Even a makeshift garden had been erected.

"We were formed up on the parade ground for about 20 minutes when word came through that the Duke was approaching.

"The Duke inspected us, then we had to march past him and he took the salute.

"It was certainly a great honor to be in the guard, and I felt very proud about it all."

Spr. S. M. Wintle, in the North, to Mrs. E. C. Billerwell, 56 Gerard St., Cremorne, N.S.W.:

"MY latest craze is a laundering business, with another chap. Business is so brisk that we are flat out keeping up our same-day service.

"At times we do sewing as a sideline, and we are now known as 'The Kelly Gang Laundering Co.'"

"We have been accused of cutting buttons off one chap's pants to sew them on to someone else's, thus getting service both ways."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10s. or 5s. is paid.

## Old Sinners Never Die

PRICE regarded

me curiously. "Of course, of course," he said. "Still it pleased Helen, and me too, if that means anything to you." He smacked his leg lightly with his riding-whip and looked down, and for a moment I thought he was actually confused.

He said: "Thought I'd tell you that Helen and I are to be married." He waited, evidently expecting me to blurt out something congratulatory.

When I didn't he looked up and said almost belligerently: "I've got ample means, thank heaven, to keep her in comfort, so the money doesn't really mean much to her. She's decided not to keep any of Speck's money. She's making it all over to the blind asylum, I think. All except the money you paid her back for the shares. She's giving that to Eileen Mahoney for a wedding present. That'll give Eileen and Larry a good start."

For a second I reeled, but I managed to say contemptuously: "So Ward is going to live on a woman?"

"Oh, no," he said quite genially. "As a matter of fact, after the honeymoon he's going to look after a place of mine. When he's married to a fine girl like Eileen he'll settle down all right. There's good stuff in that boy. Besides, you wouldn't know, of course, but he's going to do a little tour with Boldini—playing his mouth-organ with the show and making those phonograph record things.

"The old scoundrel says there's quite a pot of money in it. That's why he kept the lad under his wing after he'd fished him out of the river. Well," he placed his abominable hand on my shoulder, "thought you'd like to know. So long, old man."

Even then I never suspected the black heart of the man.

When the mail came in next day there was a letter for me. When I opened it I felt as I had done on that day when I received news of my ruin, for this communication from the company in liquidation dated the day before was making it plain beyond the shadow of a doubt that there was not one chance in a hundred million of the company ever re-establishing. The secretary was still at large and likely to be.

All at once I knew just as if he'd told me, that Price had wangled that per in the "Banner," astutely putting it under my article to make sure I'd see it. Like a fool I'd fallen for it.

I made a desperate effort to get my own back. I ran out, slamming the office door after me, pushing Haggart, who was about to come in.

out of my path. I was breathless when I got to the bank. I asked Teecher whether my cheque had been presented.

"Oh, hours ago," he said lightly. "As soon as we opened, in fact. Is anything wrong?"

"Wrong?" I said, and noted he was staring at me curiously. "No—why, what should be wrong?"

I got back to the office somehow and remember serving stamps to someone, quite mechanically. Haggart's voice floated to me from across the street. "Good day, Mr. Price. Great weather."

And Garnet Price's answering bellows: "A great day, Haggart. It's good to be alive."

Something surged up inside me, and with all my force I kicked the leg of the office table. Though I did not feel it then I found later I had broken a toe. Wringer Rose was peering through the letter window. Something in my face must have frightened her, for she said: "Oh, goodness!" and fled.

I slammed the window, as if by so doing I could shut this accursed town forever from my sight.

I never saw Eileen or Larry again. In a little while I left the place. I said good-bye to Mrs. Marven, but to none other.

As I sat in the mail-buggy outside the post-office waiting for it to start on its journey to Baloolia the two Misses Garner passed. Welladay's hat walking between them. The women ignored me, but, as the horses moved off, the youngster turned and stared at me rudely. Then she put her thumb to her nose and extended her fingers.

It was my farewell to the town.

Fifty years ago! And yet I remember it as yesterday. Old Gallagher flicking his grey horses with his whip; Sam Cotter, an apron about his waist, coming to the door of his grocery store to see who was getting out in the mail-buggy; Haggart in the doorway of his draper's shop; smoke rising from the chimney of Mahoney's cottage.

This morning the nurse was gossiping and giggling outside my door and I rang the bell sharply. I find laughter near a sick room intolerable, and I shall have to complain again, though I suppose, as usual, nothing will be done.

The nurse answered promptly enough, but I let her see that I was annoyed. However, she was quite unperturbed, and I have to confess I find a certain calm efficiency in her movements difficult to reconcile with her shaped eyebrows and scarlet lips. It came back to me that her name was Eileen, though I always call her Jane.

This is Eileen, I thought when she



IN RAMU VALLEY, N.G. Soldiers from three States have a spell. Left to right: Cpl. Wilson, Tasmania; Pte. Gaynor, Port Fairy, Victoria; Cpl. Bannan, Tasmania; Cpl. Keam, Gympie, Qld.

was giving me a powder from a spoon—though not that other Eileen of fifty years ago.

As she smoothed my pillows she said: "Now, how about seeing that old lady? It will do you good to talk to somebody."

"What is her name?" I asked testily.

"Why," she exclaimed. "Don't you remember? I told you—Mrs. Baldwin."

"I know no Mrs. Baldwin." "She knows you, Mr. Ford," the girl persisted. At least, she used to know you—ever so long ago, she says."

I grunted. "She's made a mistake."

"I don't think so. She asked her nurse to find out your full name. It's Henry Xavier Ford, isn't it?"

"What of it?"

"Why, she recognised it at once. She said there couldn't possibly be two like you. Her name used to be Marven."

Mrs. Marven! After all these years! And this girl chattering away!

"I remember," I told the nurse.

"What's she here for?"

The girl lost her smile. "She won't be here long, Mr. Ford," she said, and I knew by her tone what she meant. "She's a dear old thing, and quite resigned though. She'll come and see you, if you'll let her. We could wheel her in." She seemed quite eager.

Well, why not, I thought, why not? It would be interesting to see the old dame after all these years. She came. I had expected them



GUNNERS in Dutch New Guinea, who all come from N.S.W. Left to right: L.Hdr. Rudd, Chatswood; Gnr. Negrini, Griffith; Gnr. Ryan, Lithgow; Gnr. Townsend, Ullimo; and Gnr. Wheeler, Lane Cove. Photo sent by Miss I. Ryan, 9 Shaft St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

to wheel in a feeble old creature, wrinkled and withered, and I could scarcely believe that this plumpish woman beaming at me with alert eyes, whose hair had not recently greyed with the years, was actually older than I. It was hardly credible that she should be nearing the end of her days.

"Well!" she said brightly. "Mr. Ford!"

"How are you, Mrs. Marven?" I asked her when I had recovered from my first surprise.

"Not Marven, Mr. Ford. I married that old scamp, Boldini. His real name was Baldwin, you remember."

I hadn't, but I said I did.

"Indeed. I hope you have been happy."

"Oh, it was a great success," she told me, and her eyes twinkled. "You see, we both liked the same things to eat. You should remember that, my dear," she added to my nurse. "The way to a man's heart is through his digestive organs. Kissing goes a long way, but a great deal can be done with a beef steak pudding." She turned to me again.

"We fell in love with each other's cooking. We had a wonderful honeymoon dashing from restaurant to restaurant. I never ate so much in my life."

The nurse left us, and I asked: "You gave up your hotel?"

"I sold it to that nice Mr. Butters. Perhaps you remember him? He used to go ahead of Boldini's show and gather up all the bits and pieces of gossip so that Charlie could memorise them and work them into his mind-reading, the old

scamp. Mr. Butters was the man who planted the half-sovereign where Wringer Rosie could find it."

I saw her memory for the old things was as keen as mine. "So everything your husband did at his show was deceit from beginning to end," I said, and, although it happened so long ago, I could still feel the bitterness of the thing.

"Of course!" She actually smiled. "That Boldini was an awful cheat. And yet, when he was dying he'd quite made up his mind he was going to Heaven."

I frowned and she sighed.

"Oh, dear," she cried. "I believe I've shocked you. Do you know, Mr. Ford, I always had the idea you were so stiff-necked and proper in your young days! And so self-important. I do hope you've improved. It won't do any good being collar-proud up aloft."

She raised her eyes in irreverent indication of the hereafter.

"And you were so suspicious, too. You thought I was trying to poison Helen, now didn't you?"

"Strange things were happening," I replied. "It was better to be on the safe side."

"Of course," she said. "That's what I say. I'm very careful about medicines though—ever since the night I gave Rosie the seydilts instead of the headache powder. Poor lass; it did upset her. After that I always wrote a warning note on the outside of the packets, like 'Take care,' or 'Watch your step,' or something like that."

Please turn to page 23



# Australian pelts step up into the glamor class



**HANDSOME COAT** made from the eight-split rabbit skin. This current method of treating the humble bunny produces a coat rather like dyed squirrel.



**TASMANIAN MOUNTAIN WALLABY**, dyed and processed by furriers to resemble skunk, makes the short coat. Full-length coat is natural wallaby.

## Possibilities of fur farming as an important post-war industry here

Because of the ingenuity of local furriers, Australian women will be able this winter to buy handsome fur coats made from Australian pelts at prices far below those formerly charged for costly foreign furs.

For instance, jacket of skins resembling skunk made from Tasmanian wallaby would be priced, not at the 100 guineas usual for skunk, but at about 39 guineas, a low price as fine furs go.

**WAR** embargoes on fur imports and, in 1942, the freezing of all fur stocks in a national austerity drive could have crippled the Australian fur industry.

Instead it provided the impetus for furriers to experiment with local pelts, and the result to-day is a range of Australian furs which can be said to be up in the glamor class.

Instead of paying 125 guineas for dyed squirrel, you may wrap yourself in an 8-split rabbit skin for something round 20 guineas—and be very warm and glamorous at that.

Super skins of the Australian red fox become a most presentable substitute for expensive Canadian red fox.

In the processing and dyeing of the humble sheepskin, furriers have made such progress since the war that they confidently predict many of these coats at post-war parties will be faithful facsimiles of bear, seal, and nutria.

An Australian lambskin coat introduced in 1941 by an Australian fur expert is claimed to be equal in appearance to the Peruvian lambskin.

The Government of New South Wales in 1941 appointed a committee to investigate the possibilities of fur farming in Australia.

The committee's findings were extremely favorable and recommended the importation of the silver fox, experiments in improving native fauna—water rats, opossums, wallabies, and kangaroos—and the establishment of a Fur Exchange to control and regulate the taking of protected animals and to carry out and supervise auction sales of pelts.

Most important of all, they urged that all experiments should begin immediately in order that the new industry would be ready for re-habilitated servicemen and service-women after the war.

Asked for his opinion about the possibilities of fur farming here, Prof. S. M. Wadham, Professor of

Agriculture at Melbourne University and member of the Rural Reconstruction Commission, said:

"Proposals for fur farming fall into two groups.

"The first covers animals already here and which might possibly be cultivated and bred for fur purposes rather than exploited in their wild state. Putting this section of the industry on a sound basis would require long research into food habits, enemies, and diseases of each species.

"The other section of the industry would depend on introduction of fur-bearing animals from other parts of the world. The silver fox has been specially mentioned.

"The objections to their introduc-



**BLONDE CHIFFON WILD MINK**, a new light and fluffy pelt introduced in the latest U.S. collections of luxury furs.

tion include the fact that the area of country in which these animals naturally find a home is limited to



**AUSTRALIAN FOX** comes into its own. Luxurious coat made from Australian red fox is a presentable substitute for Canadian fox.

certain mountain regions. If there is a danger that they would spread to other districts and get out of control, it would be far too expensive to fence in the appropriate areas effectively.

"Another objection prominent in minds of some people is the danger which might follow their introduction owing to any diseases or pests which might be communicable to other animals."

In America, in spite of the war and taxes, her fur industry this year brought in \$20,000,000 dollars.

She is rapidly becoming independent of foreign fur sources, and this

is largely due to the experimental work being carried out on fur farms throughout the country.

One breeder has already developed the queen of all furs—natural silver-blue mink, of which there are only about 80 coats.

White mink (at present there are only enough skins for one coat), platinum sable, and black snow are other mink mutations recently developed. Pink, or, in fact, any colored mink, is regarded now as a sound possibility by American breeders.

Breeders had their greatest triumph with the chinchilla, of which more than 6000 pairs have been raised since the first 11 were brought to U.S. from their home high in the Andes in 1917.

This year for the first time American chinchilla is on the market, and it is just as handsome as the costly skins that used to come from Peru.

Persian lamb is now being raised in Texas, and breeders expect that their product will soon equal the skins formerly imported from Southwest Africa, which has a similar climate.

American women bought nearly a million fur coats last year, and furriers are confident of realising a post-war goal of a "fur coat for every woman's back."

For Australian women the immediate prospect of luxury furs is not so bright.

When the 1942 frozen stocks are released shortly, furriers estimate that there will be only three to four months' supply of furs such as silver and white fox, ermine, stoat, martens, baumarten, sable, and musquash.

Valued at £180,000 when frozen, stocks have since been depleted to a £30,000 release of certain pelts and, according to furriers, £20,000 worth of deterioration caused by long and unattended storage.

## Freedoms for Mexican women

Cabled by DAVID McNICOLL from Mexico City

Women of Latin America have, through the centuries, been seen, admired, but not heard. Their place was strictly in the home, their function motherhood.

**ONE** of their heritages from the old Spanish influence was the strictness, discipline, and regimentation of their lives.

It came, therefore, as a shock to many of the South American delegates to the Inter-American Conference, when the Mexican delegation introduced a resolution that women take part in all future inter-American conferences and world conferences.

The resolution stated that women constituted half the total human energy, and that in the immediate future they would be used completely and without reserve for reconstruction, and moral and material purposes of all and each of the nations.

Except in a few old towns in Mexico, old Spanish prohibitions which so severely restricted the

activities of women have been discarded.

The influence of the American way of life has had remarkable effect, and this, allied with the influence of films, has caused young women to rebel against medieval restrictions which so tied down their mothers.

This is not universal, however.

Many of the old Spanish aristocratic families living in Mexico City and Puebla still cling to rigid formality.

Daughters of the house may not go out anywhere unaccompanied after six o'clock in the evening.

If a young man wishes to take a girl to the pictures or dancing he is obliged to accept added company, the girl's aunt or chaperon, who sits grimly throughout the proceedings, keeping close watch on the girl. Such cases are an exception.

The average young Mexican girls

have a life as free as their counterparts above the Rio Grande.

They attend theatres, go to jam sessions, chatter with their boy-friends at drug store counters, and take picnics in the country on Sundays.

Their tastes in amusements would seem strange to Australian girls, for the average Mexican, senorita is never happier than when spending Sunday afternoon at a bullfight, cheering madly when her favorite handsome matador performs.

In their daily life they are the same as their sisters throughout the world.

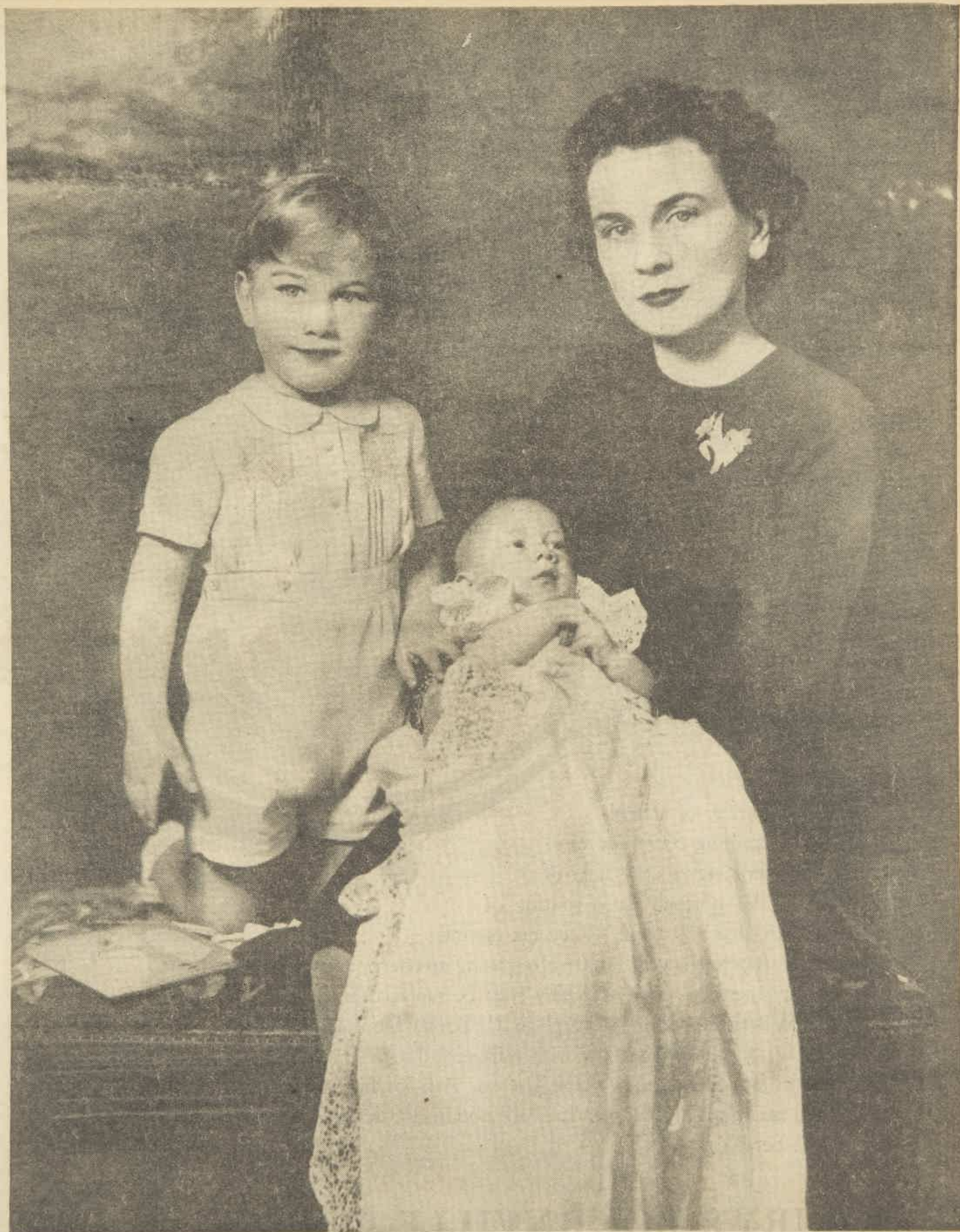
They work in factories, munition plants, stores, offices. They are expert stenographers, and many of them are first-class interpreters.

They take an active part in union activities, and when they consider injustices are being done they can be as militant as any man.

This trend toward independence and freedom has not changed the basic emotions of Mexican girls.

Their life revolves round the family, and they all regard marriage at an early age as more desirable than a career.



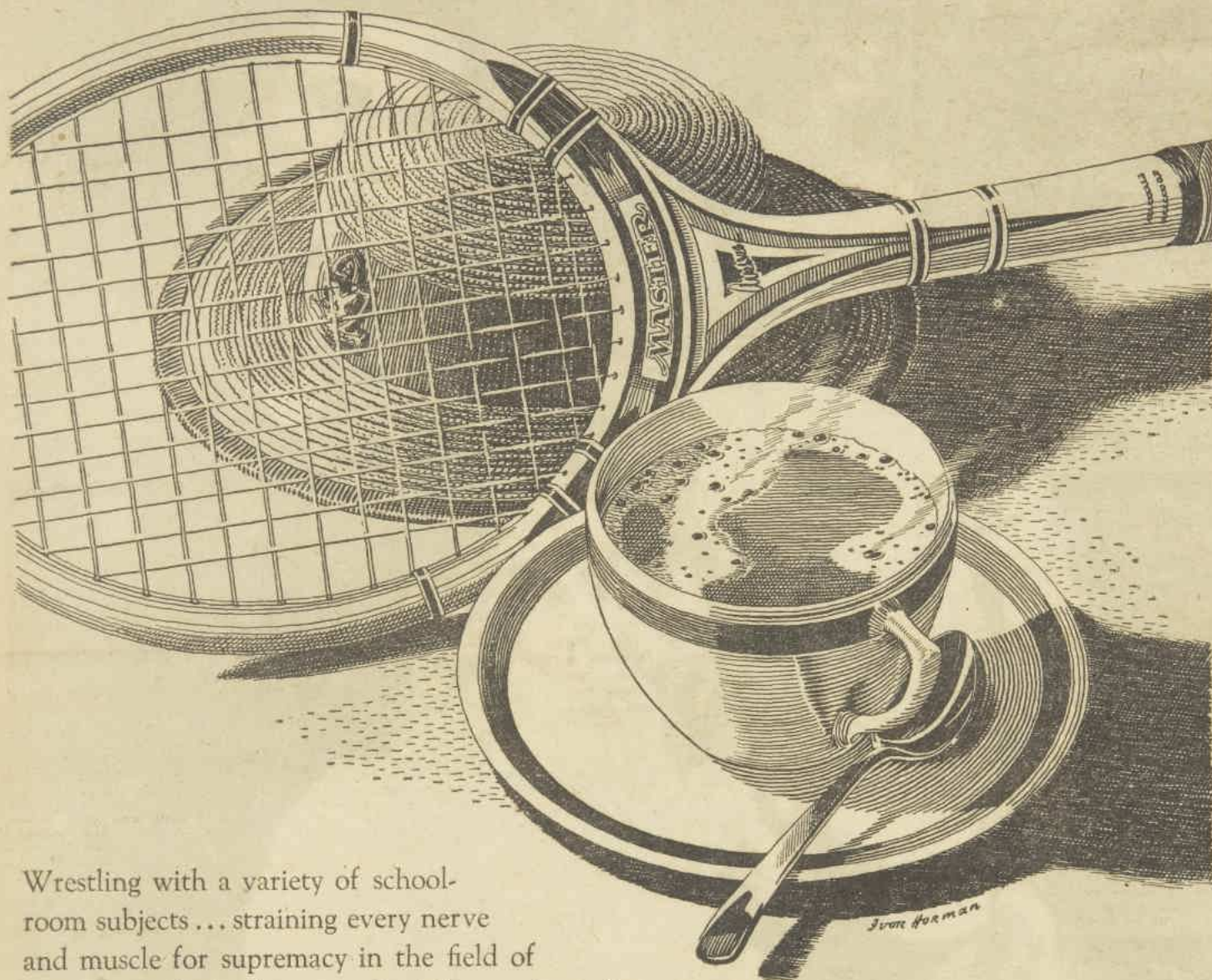


### ***The Duchess and her babies***

● This lovely picture is the latest study of the serene and gracious Duchess of Gloucester and her two children, Prince William and Prince Richard. Like every mother the Duchess enjoys posing for pictures with her family.



# FOOD *for Energy* ..



Wrestling with a variety of school-room subjects... straining every nerve and muscle for supremacy in the field of sport... that's the normal, daily routine of healthy Australian girls and boys. They tax mental and physical resources to the very limit—often using up energy at an alarming rate. This energy spent in work and play must be replaced, and Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa is the very thing to replace it! Bournville is a *real food* in delicious drink form, and when made with milk—and a little sugar added—is 45% richer in food content than the milk alone. Ask for Bournville—the Cocoa with the *real chocolaty flavour*. It is still obtainable despite the heavy demands of the Services.



## CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

*Made by the Makers of Dairy Milk Chocolate and Energy Chocolate*





**NAVAL SWORD CUTS CAKE.** Petty-Officer Terence Curran, R.A.N., and bride, Beryl Wall, at reception at Petty Officers' Club, Rushcutters Bay, after ceremony at Garden Island Naval Chapel. Beryl is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wall, of Chatswood.



**SERVICE WEDDING.** Captain Eric Morris, A.A.M.C., with his bride, formerly Norma Sale, cut wedding cake at reception at Dungowan after marriage at Rockdale Congregational Church. Norma is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Sale, of Arncliffe.



**LOVELY BRIDE.** Raymond Lyons and his bride, formerly Ines Carodus, cut cake at reception at State Ballroom after ceremony at St. Mary's Cathedral. Bridegroom is Master of Science, and is research scientist on staff of Kenenatsu Institute.



**SENATOR'S DAUGHTER.** Lieutenant Cecil Crichton, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Margory Foll, eldest daughter of Senator and Mrs. Foll, of Balgowlah, leave St. Philip's Church, Church Hill, after their wedding. Margory is a corporal in the W.A.A.A.F., and will return to her unit after their honeymoon. Cecil is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Crichton, of Mosman.



**HOSPITAL VISIT.** Lady Wakehurst (left), with Matron A. E. Major-West and the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Neville Harding, at Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington, where Lady Wakehurst opened two new blocks, one for patients and another for nurses. Hospital is run by Benevolent Society.

## On and off DUTY.

**SYDNEY** agog this week with visit of our new Governor-General, the Duke of Gloucester, and his charming Duchess. Although they passed through Sydney on their arrival in Australia prior to their trip to the capital, comparatively few Sydney people saw the Royal pair and few had the opportunity of meeting them.

Invitation cards to evening functions read "long dress optional." Few women forgo pleasure of appearing in a long gown for these occasions. Evening gloves, even more than long dresses, present a problem, and I understand many wear "borrowed plumes" when they shake hands with the Duke and Duchess. Sydney beauticians, too, feel strain of Royal visit as they work overtime to have feminine guests' curls in place. Interested to learn that even to members of Royal household their coiffures for social functions present problem.

**MY** newshound tells me that Henrietta Loder, charming daughter of our Governor, Lord Wakehurst, and Lady Wakehurst, plans visit to New York en route to England when her parents return to their homeland this year.

**ENVY** of Darling Point matrons is Tom Prescott when he sweeps up to local butcher's in outsize Packard smoking fragrant cigar and picks up his order. Seems odd to see nattily attired Tom marching out of shop with his newspaper-covered week-end joint held firmly in his hand.

**VYING** with the gumnut babies, little Nicholas and Gail Goodall look dashing when they appear at Palm Beach in yellow swimming suits and Australian gum-leaves attached so that their Scots nurse can take snapshots of them to send home to her family in Scotland. Nicki and Gail return to their Killara home with parents Sheila and Johnny Goodall after yearly vacation.

**RETURNED** to their Edgecliff home are Bruce and Joan McWilliam with their three children, Peter, Jan, and young Bruce after two weeks' holiday at Palm Beach.

**WHEN** Mrs. John Hemphill Rodolf, formerly pretty Barbara Gossling, of Clifton Gardens, leaves Sydney shortly to make her home in America it will not be her first visit to her husband's home country. Barbara visited America on her way from England with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Gossling, in 1940, after completing her schooling in England. Couple now honeymooning after wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

**HONEYMOON** at Carrington, Katoomba, for pretty bride, Mrs. Richard Erd, formerly Patricia Scott, of Darling Point. Pat, who is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney A. Scott, looks lovely as she leaves St. Mark's after ceremony in glorious magnolia satin gown, beaded in silver with three-yard train swirling in background. Pat's sister, ACW Diana Scott, received special leave from Townsville to be bridesmaid on occasion.

**NOTICED** Cam and Margaret Buckingham lunching together at Prince's. Cam, who is squadron-leader with R.A.A.F., has just returned from more than three years in England. He has great reception from two young sons, Brian and Michael, and many reunions with Sydney friends. Margaret looked delightfully cool in frosty white trimmed with touches of scarlet which suited her brunette coloring.



**PARLIAMENT HOUSE PARTY.** Mrs. Gordon Brown greets Mrs. John Curtin, wife of Prime Minister, when Mrs. Brown is hostess at party at Parliament House. Mrs. Brown is wife of Senate President Gordon Brown, who has rejected precedence allotted to him at Parliament House functions.



**PRETTY GIRLS.** Three entrants in Red Cross Popular Girl Contest, sponsored by New South Wales Labor Council, discuss prospect of raising £35,000. They are Patricia Kidd (Building Trades), Joan Russell (Sydney County Council), and Patricia Cronin (Hairdressers' Union).

joyce





*You can't plan a post-war world Yet..*

We must face the fact that the world is still masked in the tragic reality of a grim and desperate war. It is not yet time for us to sit with folded hands and dream of the lovely days of peace.

Before a shining new world can arise from the ashes of the old, there is much that everyone must do to contribute towards victory. Some fight, some work, some are homemakers battling gallantly with household difficulties. But there is one job in which we can all unite . . .

the filling of the Third Victory Loan in record time. This gigantic sum of money must be raised to win the war and put an end to terror and destruction. Your savings, whether great or small, can do a useful job instead of lying idle.

From your own point of view, you stand to benefit because your money will earn a better rate of interest and when the war is over you will have a substantial sum with which to establish yourself in the peace and comfort of the post-war world.

#### FACTS ABOUT THE THIRD VICTORY LOAN

1. All you lend will be used only for War. Bonds for £10, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000 may be purchased for cash or by instalments, through any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office or Stockbroker.
2. Interest is paid each six months, at 2½% for five years, or 3½% for sixteen years. Repayment in full at maturity is guaranteed by the Commonwealth. Your Bonds are readily saleable to meet an emergency.
3. You lend not give your money to speed Victory. On your application form, credit your subscription to your district to help its quota.

NO ONE ELSE CAN DO YOUR SHARE



YOUR MONEY IS NEEDED NOW!

**THE THIRD VICTORY LOAN**

3VP10



## Big radio shows on move

The headquarters of two popular radio shows will shortly be transferred to Melbourne for three months.

These are "Calling the Stars" and "The Cashmere Bouquet Show," which are heard on 2GB and Macquarie stations on Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

**M**ORE than 100 people will make the trip, which is one of the largest interstate moves in the history of commercial radio.

Brief seasons by big radio productions have previously been given in States other than those from which they have originated, but this is the first time that a transfer has been made for as long as three months.

It is possible that presentations may be made from big provincial centres such as Geelong, Ballarat, and Bendigo.

Both "Calling the Stars" and "The Cashmere Bouquet Show" have featured many famous artists, international stars who have gained fame in the musical and dramatic world. Many of these artists are still appearing in the shows and will be included in the tour.

Writers and the unit's team of arrangers will also make the trip.

Considerable interest should be created by the visit of the orchestra with Montague Brerley and Denis Collinson, musical directors.

As has been the custom in Sydney, the shows will be broadcast before large audiences, who will see such artists as John Fullard, Jack Burgess, Kitty Bluet, Stella Wilson, Peggy Brooks, Bill Fennell, Hal Lashwood, Don Baker, Ada and Elsie (Dorothy Foster and Rita Parnceford), Alan Coad, Mr. "Fine Talk" Froman, and popular crooner Terry Howard.

## Fan Club

**T**ERRY HOWARD fans will be sure to turn out in full force to see these productions, for the recently formed Terry Howard Fan Club has many enthusiastic supporters in Melbourne.

The club now boasts a large number of fans from all over Australia. The aim of the club is to raise money for worthy charities, and to publicise Australian singers.

Adelaide, which is Terry's home town, is forming a branch of the club also.

Throughout the three months' tour audience reaction will be carefully noted, so that programmes with the widest possible appeal may be planned to meet the entertainment standards in Victoria, which are known to differ considerably.

To make these observations as accurate as possible, and over the widest possible range, performances will be given in some of the large Town Halls in Melbourne's suburbs.

During their stay in Melbourne, various stars from these two outstanding programmes will be featured from week to week in Jack Davey's "What Have You Got?" appeal for the Forces show.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

**WEDNESDAY, March 14:** Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.  
**THURSDAY, March 15 (from 4.30 to 4.45):** Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Characters."  
**FRIDAY, March 16:** The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."  
**SATURDAY, March 17:** Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Characters."  
**SUNDAY, March 18 (4.30 to 5.00):** The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."  
**MONDAY, March 19:** Goodie Reeve's "Letters from the Ladies."  
**TUESDAY, March 20:** "What's On the Menu."



## NEEDLE-WORK NOTIONS

For Easter Fun!

No. 572

### Smart Sunsuit

**572** This ultra-smart suit for beach wear comes to you with the pattern clearly traced on a heavyweight linen in gold only, with white daisy design, ready to cut and sew.

The brassiere top fits like a glove and yet allows freedom of movement. A shaped band holds it firmly. The shorts are snug at the waistline and straight of leg, with one hip pocket as a trim.

Sizes 12 and 34in. bust, 36 and 38in. hips, 12 1/2 and 6 coupon; 36, 38in. bust (40 and 42in. hips), 14 1/2 and 6 coupons. Postage, 10/6d. extra.



573

### Hat-to-match Suit

To complete the outfit we have designed a hat to match, and have chosen the style so popular at the moment. It features crisp-creased bands at the back in place of crown, and a slight brim to ward off the sun's direct rays.

Also in gold, patterned with white daisies. Please ask for No. 573. Medium-sized size. 7/6 and 2 coupons. Postage, 7/6d. extra.



## Fashion Frock Service

"POLLY"—smartly styled frock for 10 to 16-year-olds.

This little frock, fashioned in summer-weight "Roslyn crepe" in delightful shades of evening beige, rose-heather, defence-blue, anillies-red, and also in plain white, is the ideal style for a girl between the ages of 10 and 16 years.

At this stage girls seem to demand a plain type of frock, and yet a more definite note of "grown-up" smartness must be introduced. And here's the answer: This style shows a tailored collar, well-extended shoulders, and slightly bloused bodice. The skirt is slightly flared and gored and is finished with a snappy welting. The bodice is trimmed with twin breast pockets as a finish.

Ready To Wear.—10 to 12 years: 33 to 36in. length, 22/6 and 10 coupons; 14 and 16 years: 36 to 42in. length, 22/7 1/2 and 11 coupons. Postage, 1/6d. extra.

Cut Out Only.—10 to 12 years: 33 to 36in. length, 28/11 and 10 coupons; 14 to 16 years: 36 to 42in. length, 34/6 and 13 coupons. Postage, 1/6d. extra.

N.B.—When ordering, please make second choice in color to avoid disappointment and delay. How to obtain "POLLY" in N.S.W.: Obtain postal note for required amount, include coupons, and send to Box 346, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give length, bust and hip measurements. You'll probably have to wait a couple of weeks for delivery of "POLLY," as it is not possible to fulfil all orders as promptly as in pre-war days.



F2343

## Fashion PATTERNS F2573

**F2343**—Smart American call this a "fly-front" style. It's certainly popular over there. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

**F2573**—Youthful, charming sun frock for Easter holiday wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

**F3013**—New style swimsuit that's bound to be popular. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

**F136**—Suits that your darling will want to live in—it's so bonny. Sizes 1 to 6 years. Requires 1 yd., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.



F3013

F136

## PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt dispatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and COUPONS. \* State size required. \* For children state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on this page. \* No C.O.D. orders accepted.

## SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue. Dainty dresses for girls, sizes 2-4, 4-6, 6-8 years. No. 1.—Material required, 2 1/2 yds. 36in. wide. No. 2.—Material required, 2 1/2 yds. 36in. wide. No. 3.—Material required, 2 1/2 yds. 36in. wide and 1 yd. contrast.



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PERSIL GIVES THE **WHITEST** WHITES BECAUSE IT WASHES CLEANER. AND NOW I'VE PROVED THOSE SAME ACTIVE SUDS MAKE **COLOURED** BLOOM ANEW BECAUSE THEY GET OUT **ALL** THE DIRT.

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 A CLEANER  
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 Flimsy undies, delicate prints, summery blouses—Persil gets out so much more dirt, no wonder they look brighter.

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 Persil whites are the whitest whites because they're the cleanest. Gone are stains, every mark of grease or grime, thanks to Persil's oxygen-charged suds.

**3. CLEANER WOOLLIES**  
 Woolies washed in Persil are soft, springy, smell so fresh. Again it's because those active Persil suds wash much cleaner.

Once you've seen Persil whiteness nothing else will ever satisfy you. Persil with its oxygen-charged suds gives the *whitest* wash of all. And just as Persil gets linens whiter by washing cleaner, so it keeps rayons, cottons, pretties gay and fetching by coaxing out *every trace* of grime. Right down into the weave itself go those active, dirt-rousing suds and ease the dirt away. Yet, though Persil is so thorough, it treats flimsy fabrics like the precious things they are. Try Persil all through the wash. You will be pleased, you will be proud.

**LAUGH WITH BOB DYER!**

Tune in to the Bob Dyer Show every  
 Monday night at 8 p.m.





# Old Sinners Never Die

Continued from page 15

I CHANGED the subject. I said maliciously: "Ang Marven? I suppose Boidini made you forget all about your first husband?"

She was not in the least offended. She shut her eyes and shook her head very slowly and smiled.

"Dear old fat Jim," she said softly. "I often lie in bed and wonder how he's getting on with that old rogue, Charlie. I think of them sitting together on the bottom step of the golden stairs waiting to carry me up. I wonder however they've fixed things! Jim was always such a simple soul, Boidini's sure to put one over him."

She actually giggled. "It's really dreadful," she went on, "to think of all the people that man fooled. Do you remember the night we all sat in the dark and got ourselves all worked up when a light floated about our heads and the thing moaned like a lost soul?"

I remembered it all too vividly. "That old rogue," she said, "did that with a guitar with a phosphorescent face tied to the end of a lariat. He stood in the dark and spun the lariat over our heads and that made the guitar whine. He was wonderful with the lariat."

"Larry Ward had told him all about sitting in the tree with the flood all about him playing his mouth-organ, so he easily faked that bit. That nice young girl he used to do tricks with played 'Eileen Alannah' in the dark and sent the message to Eileen Mahoney. Do you remember her? She was such an understanding little thing. I always thought."

I said nothing. She regarded me quizzically and said: "I'll bet, Mr. Ford, you've spent a lifetime wondering what really happened to that blind man."

"Speak?"

"Who else? I thought you'd like to know before you died."

It wasn't a nice way of putting it. After all, many men have lived to a hundred.

"Of course," she said, "I'm a very old woman with a very wonky inside, so it doesn't matter who knows now."

"I'm sorry to hear you're so sick," I said.

"Oh," she replied lightly, "you only die once, so you might as well make the best of it. Jim used to say, 'Really, Marvie, it's only like going away to some place where there are no malls, like you might be having a holiday in some nice resort with grand scenery and good cooking where you come on lots of old coppers—and presently your wife comes to join you.'"

All right, I supposed, if one had a wife—and coppers.

Mrs. Marven went on: "You remember that Helen Speek ran to me when her husband died. She'd found him dead in his chair, but he wasn't shot. She was terrified. Poor girl, she thought she'd done it. That silly man, Haggart—a draper, wasn't he?—imagined he was in love with her, and had sent her some chocolates. Speek had been in a wicked mood for a week. He was suspicious of everyone, jealous of every move she made."

"He was bullying her and terrifying her, and of course, she was in love with Garnet Price. Speek couldn't watch her, Mr. Ford, but he listened to her every movement. He was uncanny that way."

"On the day he died he taunted her. He said he was going to alter his will. She thought he was going to cut her out of it, but she wasn't worrying about that. She was worrying how she could get to see Garnet. She desperately wanted to see him that night, for she was terribly in love. When you're in love you do the silliest things, don't you?" She paused to wipe her eyes with a silly little face handkerchief.

"Well, Helen took a sleeping powder Dr. Hansen had given her, and she cut some of Haggart's chocolates in halves and mixed the cream inside with the powder, and closed the chocolates up again. She put the chocolates where her husband would find them. He was a real glutton for sweets. He found them all right. Poor Helen! She thought he would just sleep heavily till

morning, and she would be able to slip out and see Garnet."

"When she found him dead she thought she had given him an overdose and killed him. Price thought so, too. He'd known what she intended about the sleeping draught, but he was a bit afraid of it. He tried to persuade her against it, but, naturally, he stuck to her when things went wrong. He was very worried about the exhumation. That's why he stole Speek's body."

"He stole Speek's body?"

"Yes," she continued in a matter-of-fact way. "Didn't you guess? He took it away one night."

"Where?"

"Oh, somewhere. He told me he'd put it in quite a pleasant place, much nicer than that dreadful cemetery. I'm sure even Speek would have thought it a nice change. And they never found it. There

## Animal Antics



"Shucks! That's nothing! You ought to see the five-gallon can that got away."

were so many places round that town where you could hide a body in those days, weren't there?"

"I don't know," I told her. "It has not been my habit to interfere with the dead."

"Price must have found it awfully exciting," she said, quite unperturbed. "After Helen found her husband dead she came straight to me. She didn't go to Dr. Hansen's. She didn't even go to the policeman's. She'd lost her head. She told me everything, and I put her to bed in my room."

"I remember," I said. "I heard her crying."

Mrs. Marven went on: "I went to her home and looked at Speek as he lay in his armchair. He was not pretty, Mr. Ford. I could hardly bear to look at him. His chair was alongside a little table and a drawer was partly open."

"I pulled it right out, and there were some papers, and on top of them his will, and pinned loosely to the will a piece of paper with some scribbling. And this is what the scribble said. I remember it because it has always seemed to me a terrible thing that a man should wish to carry hate beyond the grave. It said:

"Memo for Mr. Ford: Fix up codicil to will so that all still goes to my wife, to be disposed of according to her own ideas provided she enters a religious order within one month, and spends the rest of her life praying for me."

"That was a terrible codicil, not only for what it contemplated, but because of the hate that prompted it. I thought: 'My goodness, if they find out he was going to do this thing, they'll think Helen poisoned him before he had time to alter his will.' It would have been stupid, of course, because Helen would have married Garnet, and he had pots of money."

"I thought how bad things were going to be for Helen without anything being known about the codicil, and I did a very wicked thing. I

hid the piece of scribble in my shoe, and carried it home. But before I went I put the will back in the drawer, and, as I did so, I saw Speek's revolver. I nearly fainted, I'm terrified of guns."

"But I saw a chance to help Helen, and I just made myself pick the gun up. I hoped it would be loaded. I pushed the muzzle against Speek's mouth till I felt it hard against his teeth, and I pulled the trigger."

"I was terrified someone would come, but no one did. Then I forced the gun into his hand, I pressed his fingers round the trigger thing, and I held the arm up with the gun against his mouth just as it had been when I fired the shot, and I let his hand drop. When it did, I was glad to see it still held the gun."

She fumbled a moment under the rug which covered her legs, and pulled out some woollen thing and began knitting.

"I often sit and think," she said, "what a blessing it was that it all happened before that French policeman invented fingerprints. The twinkle came back into her eyes. 'Just fancy,' she said. 'I might have been in the waxworks!'"

She dwelt on that for a moment, knitting silently, then went on:

"What was I saying? Oh, yes. I went back to the hotel and told Helen what I had done, and I told her exactly what to tell Burke when he came to ask questions. Then I slipped across to the constable's place and pinned a message on his door. I was worried afterwards that he might recognise my writing; but he never did, poor man, though he did rise to be a sergeant. Many a little drink I had with him and Rosie after he married the best housemaid I ever had."

"And the draft of the codicil," I said impatiently. "What did you do with that?"

"I burned the nasty thing," she said, smiling at me.

Mrs. Marven—I cannot bother with her new name—visits me every day. I find I can put up with her. And no one else ever comes! Considering what is before her, however, I wonder that she can still find time for frivolity. Yesterday she actually said to the nurse: 'What sort of lip-stick do you use, dear?'

It seems the stuff is called "Come-hither."

"I'd love to try it," Mrs. Marven said. I could scarcely credit I had heard alright, but in a flash Jane was smearing the paint on her lips. She looked at herself in a tiny mirror set in a little case the nurse lent her.

Jane said: "Why, it's wonderful. You don't look a day over forty."

The old lady gave her a playful push.

"You little flatterer," she said. "I'm forty-five." She turned to me, and there was mischief in her eye. "I think it improves me, don't you, Mr. Ford?" she asked, and was handing the little case back to the girl when she paused, reading the initials engraved upon it. "E.W., she read aloud. "What does that stand for, dear?"

"Eileen Ward," the nurse told me. "It's a present from the boy-friend."

Mrs. Marven did not speak at once but looked across at me where I lay propped up on my pillows.

"Why, what's the matter?" Jane asked.

Mrs. Marven began to laugh softly. "Nothing, my dear," she said. "Only it would be awfully funny if it were true. Were you named after your mother, dear?"

The nurse shook her head. "After gran," she said. "She was a dear old thing. Dad's name was Larry after his dad, so there just naturally had to be an Eileen in the family."

I have at last decided what to do about my will. I shall leave the money to this nurse Eileen, whom I insist upon calling Jane. She might as well have it as anyone, and charities would only fritter it away. I shall tell her what I am doing, and she should be grateful. I should get better attention. In any case, there is only a thousand pounds, and I shall probably live for many years.

If she doesn't behave herself I can easily alter it.

(Copyright)

# REPORTING

THE Duke of Gloucester's purchase of an Australian terrier brings to mind past Vice-Regal history of these dogs.

The Duke must like them. He took a couple home from his previous visit here.

Lady Gowrie exhibited one at the Sydney Royal Agricultural Show in 1936. When the Earl of Stradbroke was Governor of Victoria, he became interested in the breed, and is now president of the Australian Terrier Club in England.

Back in 1902, when Sir Harry Rawson, Governor of N.S.W., was keenly interested in these terriers, their popularity reached its zenith.

Australian terriers come in two colors, the blue and tan, and the sandy. They have prickled ears, rough coats two or three inches long, and weigh from eight to 14 lb.

Their origin is vague, but there are traces of black-and-tan and Cairn terriers, and Dandy Dinmonts.

They are happy-natured and hardy. One admirer describes them as "never sick, sad, or sorry."

More Australian terriers are exported to India than any other breed. Their hearing is extremely sensitive, and they give the alarm at once of the approach of the wild dogs, which are notorious baby-stealers.

MANAGER of bank where old lady deposits her entire savings: "I'm afraid, madam, your account is overdrawn."

Client: "Oh, don't worry about that... I'll write a cheque."

## A.J.F. Nursemaid

A HEFTY former wheat-lumper from South Australia, now an Army transport driver, has been playing temporary nursemaid. His unit, billeted in a North Queensland town, became friendly with the local bank manager and his wife, who live in the house next door.

Recently the wife went into hospital to have her second baby. Unable to find anyone to mind the elder child, father had to take her to the bank in the daytime.

Problem was to find someone to give her her tea and put her to bed while father visited his wife and new baby at the hospital. The little girl would have nothing to do with anyone who volunteered, except the transport driver.

So every evening before his own tea he pops in next door, feeds his small charge, and sees her safely to bed.

## Shaggier

ANOTHER story in the "Shaggy Dog" style:

There was once an old woman who used to take her umbrella round with her wherever she went. Frequently she would visit a famous hotel and order tea, during the course of which she would enter into deep conversation with the umbrella.

An onlooker approached one of the waiters and asked: "What is that old woman doing?"

"Oh," replied the waiter, "there's nothing to worry about. I presume that the umbrella belonged to some dead friend of her youth."

"That's all very well," continued the onlooker, "but isn't she queer in the head?"

"Not at all," answered the waiter. "Her conversation is often quite intellectual."

## Cafe society

EATING in town

Gets you down—Waiting for others to give up their places

While they drain the last drop and make up their faces.

Though in reverse

It's even worse—Then you in your turn are a nervous wreck

While impatient newcomers breathe down your neck.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

## Disinterested

DR. MALCOLM SARGENT, famous orchestra conductor, who is coming to Australia this year, tells this story:

There are few permanent conductors in Britain these days for symphony orchestras, and some travel a good deal.

A double-bass player went home one night after the concert to his wife, who asked: "Who was your conductor to-night?"

"I don't know," was the answer, "I didn't look."

## Restful and romantic

AN Australian flag now flies above one of the main hotels in Florence, just across the way from the famous Ponte Vecchio, the bridge on which Dante wooed Beatrice.

The hotel, which has been renamed "Hotel Australia," has been established by the Australian Comforts Fund as a residential rest house for members of the R.A.A.F. in Italy and other Central Mediterranean areas.

The Ponte Vecchio, says the R.A.A.F. journal "Wings," was the only bridge rich in history which the Germans spared, but they blew up the surrounding buildings. To get to the bridge from the A.C.F. rest house, it is now necessary to clamber over huge piles of destroyed masonry.

TABLES without vibration or sway are promised for the post-war dining car.

It's about time, says the "Winnipeg Tribune." Nothing so unsettles the squamish traveller as a high surf running in the soup.

## Reward

"I NEVER thought the Army'd give me a fur coat," was the pleased comment of an Auxiliary Territorial Service girl on a recent clothing issue.

Working at mixed anti-aircraft batteries in bleak, marshy country, a thousand A.T.S. girls, who help to combat the V2 bombs, now snug in capacious "teddy bear" fur coats, worn over their leather jerkins and long woollen pants. They also wear Wellington boots, as the mud is often ankle-deep.

## Mixed

DURING a short-story writing period at a Sydney school last week, one 16-year-old chose a "Crime Does Not Pay" theme.

Evidently an avid reader and determined to cram in a few newly acquired phrases, she wound up the climax with: "Cornered in the barn, the gangsters stood like startled deer."



"I just bought two yards of elastic."



# Film Reviews

## ★★★ FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

PARAMOUNT'S eagerly awaited drama, based on Ernest Hemingway's best-selling novel, is an experience well worth waiting for.

This film has practically every requisite to make it a tremendous box-office success. The cast is one of the best gathered together in a long time. Sam Wood's direction is sensitive and restrained; production is obviously costly; and the technicolor camera flawlessly captures some really exquisite scenery.

Set in Spain, with a background of the Spanish Civil War, the theme is centred on one episode—that of blowing up a strategic bridge, and thus felling the Nationalists.

The audience, however, will be far more interested in the tender and idyllic romance between Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. Delicately handled and beautifully acted, this is one of the most entrancing of screen romances.

Gary Cooper, Spanish instructor in America, who joins the Loyalist cause, gives a sympathetic and sincere performance. In spite of his effectiveness, Ingrid Bergman overshadows Cooper completely. As the daughter of the former mayor, who has witnessed war at its ugliest, she has all the warmth, and fire, and fascination of Hemingway's unforgettable heroine.

In the large and carefully selected supporting cast, four players shine brightly.

Greek actress Katina Paxinou, making her American debut in the dynamic role of Pilar, proves she is

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars — below average.

one of the finest character actresses on the screen; Akim Tamiroff gives his finest performance as the drunken Pablo; and Arturo de Cordova and Joseph Calleja as enthusiastic Loyalists are splendid. State; showing.

## ★★★ EDGE OF DARKNESS

ONCE again Hollywood gives us a Nazi-occupied Norway drama, with all the usual features. It has all been done so well and so often that there was really little left for Warners to say.

However, an interesting starring team and an outstanding supporting cast manage to make the familiar tale fairly gripping entertainment. A grimly serious Errol Flynn does well as the leading rebel against Nazi brutalities.

Ann Sheridan proves definitely that she is a capable dramatic actress. She makes the slightly phony role of the girl fighter into a very real person.

Veteran players Walter Huston, Judith Anderson, and Ruth Gordon contribute their usual excellent performances and Helmut Dantine is good as the ruthless Nazi commander. Tattler; showing.



ELLA RAINES and Ward Bond, working in RKO's "Tall in the Saddle," solve the petrol problem by riding together to the studio on a motor-cycle.

## ★★ ADDRESS UNKNOWN

ALTHOUGH this Columbia film does not quite capture the vitality nor the heart-rending qualities of Kressman Taylor's best-selling novel, the extremely capable cast and excellent production ensure gripping entertainment.

The story deals with two German families in America, life-long friends until one returns to Germany and is caught up in the Nazi regime.

As the central character, Paul Lukas gives his usual competent performance, but does not always succeed in overcoming the weak script. Attractive blonde K. T. Stevens does well in her first featured role, but has few opportunities.

Peter Van Eyck, Carl Esmond, Mady Christians, and Morris Carnovsky are splendid in supporting roles. Victory; showing.

## ★ BELL BOTTOM GEORGE

THIS film is much about the same as all the other Formby films, except that this time, as the title suggests, George is a sailor.

The same old bawdy situations and the trite, unpolished dialogue remain unchanged, and personally I don't feel that George's horseplay, his spirited banjo playing, or his singing can compensate for such obvious shortcomings.

The film has obviously been made on a low budget, but the unskillful direction of Marcel Varnel is largely to blame for its dullness. Capitol and Cameo; showing.

## News from studios

By cable from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood.

LAURENCE OLIVIER'S nine-year-old son, Tarquin, will be seen in the Republic film "Scotland Yard Investigator." The child's real-life grandmother, Eva Moore, plays his screen grandmother, and C. Aubrey Smith appears as his grandfather.

HUMPHREY BOGART has returned from his holiday jaunt to New York to co-star with Barbara Stanwyck in "The Two Mrs. Carrrolls."

RKO are planning to do a film based on Americans in a Japanese prison camp. "First Man in Tokio" is the title.

AFTER Joyce Reynolds' excellent performance in the title role of "Janie," Warners are bitterly disappointed with the young star's adamant refusal to return to the studio to star in a further series of these films. "My place is with my husband," says newly wedded Joyce, "and now I'm married I am no longer interested in making films."

DURING a train trip to Utah Gladys George collapsed and was rushed to hospital. Her friends believe this illness was brought on by excessive dieting.

LATEST arrival in Hollywood is Gloria Swanson and businessman husband William Davey. "Just a trip to show my husband round," says Gloria.

## Tarantella

Continued from page 5

"My fiancé was killed a year ago." It was as though she were talking to herself. "Mark said unless some new sort of spirit was born, a sort of pioneering for peace he called it, unless that new spirit came alive, then he guessed the boys who died were lucky—do you feel like that?"

"Yes," Phillip whispered. Something seemed to be choking him.

Girls like Philippa were rare. Would there be any left when he came back? He wanted to kiss her, but that would be the beginning not the end of things.

"Do you think we're big enough to win the peace?" Philippa asked.

"That depends on you," Phillip said. "A lot depends on you—women are always supposed to get what they want, if they want it long enough. Come on. You mustn't stay out here any longer, the dew's coming down." They stood up.

"I'll be looking for Tarantella on the way back," said Philippa.

Phillip saluted her. There seemed nothing else to say.

"You've been down that garden path a long time, sir," Sarge said. "It's not good for you. Your camp bed's up under the hedge there."

"Thanks. Everyone back?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good-night."

Tarantella thundered up the beach and took the sandy road to the top of the cliff where the convoy was forming. Tarantella took her place in the column beside the garden of a small pension. A girl came down the garden, a girl in a white frock. She carried a tray with some glasses and a carafe of red wine.

Phillip called a greeting.

"Bien, m'sieur. You are thirsty, no?"

"My men are always thirsty; that not so, sergeant?"

Everyone laughed. Yes, they were all thirsty, Phillip thought; thirsty for life, for the end of the war, for a good dose of peace; thirsty for coffee in a quiet garden. The girl poured the wine. They all drank.

"Vive la France—vive—vive—vive—vive les Allies—" the wine tasted sour, like vinegar.

"Tarantella—nice name," the girl smiled. "Too hot inside the tank, is it not, yes?"

This was another garden, another girl. Yet it would always be the same, like an old gramophone record, these gardens. Wherever they went there would be gardens and girls, Phillip thought. Gardens—and girls. Ah, but this garden was a little different. There were mounds of freshly turned earth over the lawn.

"They were buried here," the girl said, watching Phillip. "Anglais, Allemands et Jeun. all together."

Here they lay together that were in war divided. Tarantella had known a lot of gardens, but this was different, yet the people were the same. The people were kind to tanks.

What was it that woman had said ages ago, the woman whose lawn they'd mucked up?—something about whatever havoc we make, grass will always cover it up. Thank God. Grass and gardens and girls were pretty much the same the world over. He was tired. Phillip put his hand over his eyes. Then the column started to move forward.

The girl waved. "Au revoir—bonne chance—"

Tarantella lumbered into battle. (Copyright)

## Roses from Petty Cash

Continued from page 3

NEXT day, when Julian asked Beatrice to stay late and finish a company report that was too complicated for Barbara to understand, she told him, with no qualms of conscience, that she had an appointment that evening.

"But this is important, Miss Lomax!"

"So is my appointment. Terribly." Deliberately she let the office slide. "You never used to make mistakes, Miss Lomax. This is sheer carelessness." Julian sounded more angry than the mistake warranted.

"It might have lost us a client."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Merrill."

Or, "I'm sorry, Mr. Foster."

"You're getting quite casual with them," Barbara reproached, "and they don't like it. What has happened to you, Beatrice? Anyone might think you were in love."

"They might, but machines don't fall in love."

"Can't you forget that?"

"Sorry, Barbara, but you've got to admit that it was a sharp knock. Answer that phone, sweet, before it defends us."

A moment later Barbara put the phone down and turned round, her face chalky.

"It's Don. They've wired him to report at once. That means—"

"That means you'd better clear off now if you want to meet him." She spoke coolly, though her heart had begun to throb and throb. "Keep your chin up, pet, and don't let him see."

Then she sat back waiting for the phone to ring again. It went just before lunch, jangling through her like an electric shock.

"All right, Hugh. I'll come at once. Under the clock at Paddington—where we first met."

There was time for lunch in the restaurant. Then a slow-walk, up and down the long platform.

"This may be my last visit to England, Beatrice." Suddenly he stopped and faced her. "It all depends on you."

This—this was the moment she had dreaded. She caught her breath and tried to look away, but he had read the answer in her eyes.

"It's all right," he said slowly. "You needn't tell me. It was wonderful while it lasted, but—all along

I had a feeling you weren't really for me. Perhaps things are meant that way. I'm not the steady sort. Until I met you, I never thought of settling down."

"Hugh—" The words stuck in her throat, and a sob came instead. "Don't, darling. Don't hurt yourself, or you'll make it harder for me. Just—wish me good luck, and—good-bye."

The engine whistled shrilly. He caught her to him and kissed her quickly on the lips. Then the train was steaming out, and she was waving her handkerchief and he was leaning from the window, waving.

The office clock showed three when she got back, and Julian Merrill was raging.

"This really is too bad, Miss Lomax! First Miss Yardley disappears, then you. What do you think this is—an office, or just somewhere to make afternoon tea when you haven't a date outside? I expected you to set Barbara an example, but not this sort of example."

The tears she hadn't shed at the station welled over.

"He's gone away and I wasn't in love with him," she wailed. "And I'm sick and tired of being your perfect secretary. I'm a woman, not a robot. I'm fed up with this office! I've wasted too much of my life here and I'm leaving just as soon as I can—and you needn't try to reserve me again!" She felt wildly for her handkerchief.

"Now don't make a scene, Beatrice!" he said in a strange, new voice. "I've wasted a lot of time as well, but I'm not wasting any more. You and I are going to talk."

A hot wave of color rose to her cheeks. She snatched up her notebook.

"It's too late to talk, Mr. Merrill, so let's get on with the work. I'll be giving notice on Friday."

"You won't." He took the notebook from her and tossed it back on the desk. "You've given me quite enough trouble to be going on with, and I'm not going to lose you now!"

"You'll soon train a new secretary—"

"I'm not talking about secretaries," he said, "and you know it, Beatrice." (Copyright)

## HIGHLIGHTS 2GB of the WEEK

SUNDAY

THE MACQUARIE PLAY:  
"Meet The Wife"  
Covers—Starring YVONNE BARVAUD. 8 p.m.

MONDAY

"STAR THEATRE"  
"Touch of the Sun"  
Starring JOHN NEGRET HAYWARD and LYNDALL BARRGOUR. 9 p.m.

TUESDAY

"Digger Hale's Daughters"  
Story of a typical Australian family.  
MONDAY TO THURSDAY. 6.45 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

"Josephine, Empress of Sorrow"  
Story of one of history's most romantic and tragic figures. MONDAY TO THURSDAY. 12.15 p.m.

THURSDAY

"What Do You Know?"  
Novel quiz conducted by JOHN DEASE. 1 p.m.

FRIDAY

"The Todds"  
The latest alliances of Terry and Grace. 7.15 p.m.

SATURDAY

"Melodies and Memories"  
Guest artists give interesting theatre reminiscences. 8 p.m.

## KEY STATION of the MACQUARIE NETWORK



A future in films for these

## Four clever youngsters



● Peggy Ryan, Universal's vivacious young dancer and comedienne, co-stars with Donald O'Connor in "The Merry Monarchs." While Donald is in the Army, she is looking after his fox-terrier, "Mr. Big."



● Gloria Jean, pretty singing star, has her first dramatic role in Universal's "Destiny," with Alan Curtis. Gloria plays the role of a blind girl, and does not sing.



● Elizabeth Taylor, 13-year-old English girl, won the coveted title role in MGM's technicolor film, "National Velvet," in which she co-stars with Mickey Rooney. The film was delayed two years to allow Elizabeth to grow up for this important role.



● Jane Withers will soon be seen in Republic's "Faces in the Fog," with Paul Kelly, and is now off to Broadway to star in the stage show, "Glad To See You." Jane made her stage debut at 3, and when she was 5 was a vaudeville and radio star.

*Movie World*



## Thrilling new murder mystery



**1** WHEN LAURA is found murdered, with her head almost blown away, detective, Mark (Dana Andrews), calls on her friends. First suspect is writer, Waldo (Clifton Webb), who loved Laura.



**2** CHECKING on Laura's fiancé, Shelby (Vincent Price), and her aunt, Anne (Judith Anderson), Mark is confused by conflicting statements and suggestions on the crime.



**3** INVESTIGATING her flat, Mark is staggered when the supposed victim, Laura (Gene Tierney), walks in. She tells him she had been at her country house, and had allowed a friend to use the flat for the week-end.



**4** IN SPITE of her promise to Mark that she will not contact her friends, Laura rings Shelby and agrees to meet him that evening. When the police discover this, they suspect Laura of being the murderer.



**6** MARK knows the murderer, but cleverly makes him betray himself by another attempt to kill Laura.



**5** WITHOUT telling Waldo of Laura's return, Mark summons him to her flat, and on seeing her he collapses. He says that he, too, believes Laura murdered her friend, and accuses Mark of trying to trap her.

## THE COAT with the Family Tree



AN ARISTOCRAT.  
this coat. Fine  
fabric, lovingly handled.  
Made by a House  
which takes pride in its  
honest and  
handsome fashions.  
Pedigree . . . and  
practicality . . . there's  
LEROY for you.  
A Leroy Coat grows  
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PIN YOUR FAITH  
TO THIS FAMOUS  
LABEL . . .



YOUR GUARANTEE OF STYLE . . . FIT . . . QUALITY

ASK FOR LEROY AT ALL GOOD STORES  
Be patient if your store doesn't always stock Leroy  
labelled garments. But don't stop asking for them.

PATON

## LAURA

DARRYL F. ZANUCK bought "Laura" for 20th Century-Fox when it was a serial story in "Collier's" under the name of "Ring Twice for Laura."

This absorbing mystery tale drew an enthusiastic public. So did the book "Laura," for which the author, Vera Caspary, shortened the title.

The story is escapist fare of a new type—escape into the mad luxury of pre-war New York cafe society life—and provides a perfect background for a young woman star who can wear smart clothes.

The title role goes to Gene Tierney, making her first screen appearance after a year's absence. Motherhood interrupted her career. The studio provides her with twenty-eight costume changes—all daring, up-to-the-minute models.

Producer-director Otto Preminger has a four-way contract with Fox, which includes writing and acting as well as producing and directing. He was an actor in New York before he began producing. Asked why he turned to production, he said: "My vanishing hair, coupled with the fact that my Viennese accent precluded me playing anything but Nazi roles, decided me in favor of a producer's career."

"Laura" marks the screen debut of Clifton Webb, famous Broadway stage star. Webb has been a figure in the American theatre for 40 years.

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## 1939—World Champions win with SPALDING

... the Official Lawn Tennis Ball



## 1945—and another Mosquito takes off, thanks to that same ball!



Yes! The favourite of the champs—the Spalding Official Lawn Tennis Ball—has gone to war. That's why you haven't served with them lately. Vital parts of the Mosquito aircraft are made by Spalding with the rubber that used to go into this famous ball.

So, you can understand why you won't be seeing them until the war is won. Those few tennis balls that are available are made to war specifications with substitute materials. However, soon after the war you'll be hitting your top form again with a better than ever Spalding Official Lawn Tennis Ball.

COMING . . . as soon as possible







• For happy-go-lucky days out of doors this lovely young mother dresses her small son in a sun-and-swim suit of hectic-red wool. She wears a flowing dirndl skirt and an immaculate white shirt, and adds color and chic with a vivid green wool lumber jacket, which buttons snugly up to the neck when chill winds blow.



• You will want a casual woollen jacket this winter—one of the attractive styles worn by these lassies. The girl at the left offsets a blue tweed skirt with a tailored, pillar-box-red jacket, and her friend wears a short green box coat.



• A gaily clad trio off to spend a day in the country. Junior looks smart and comfortable in a pair of tailored overalls in royal-blue wool. His glamorous escort tops blue slacks with primrose-yellow wool collarless box jacket, and her friend plays up to her fair hair with a red jacket-cum-shirt, darted in deftly at the waist to ensure a trim fit. With it, bottle-green wool shorts, impeccably tailored.

## Triumphs for Australian wools

FASHIONS on this page provide cheering examples of how manufacturers of Australian knitted woollens have triumphed over all difficulties of wartime production.

All garments in photographs were tailored from fabric spun, woven, and dyed here.

The colors are really lovely. Dyes used are all British, which have now been developed to such an extent that they are superior to any dyes of their types in the world.

The garments featured provide a fascinating selection of bright new fashions—jackets of every description, casual or bristly tailored; nancy little berets; trim shirts; slim-fitting shorts and slacks; and some captivating styles for the very young.

Vivid pointers to a bright future for this Australian industry are these pretty clothes.

Apart from their fashion story, they tell of experiments successfully completed which will be put to wide uses in post-war industry, of machinery cleverly adapted or improvised under many handicaps, which has proven its worth and will be produced in quantity when labor is available and the full benefit can be reaped of the skill and industry thus expended.

Our artist Petrov made a selection from these vivid fabrics to design this week's cover.



## Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME—without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing, Handwriting, Bookkeeping (Farm, Entrance, Station, Mercantile), Accountancy, Designing, Journalism (Finance), Shire Clerks, University Exams, Showcards, Tickets, Correspondent, Mail Order, Draftsmanship, Window Dressing, Architectural Work, Salesmanship, Commercial English, Engineering (Diesel), Com. Arithmetic, Motor, Radio, etc.

### Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell Street, Melbourne, 147-149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, 290 Adelaide Street, Brisbane, 50 Grenfell St., Adelaide.

—Mail This Coupon: Cut Here—  
TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list).  
I should like details of your course/s in:

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## CLEAN POTS AND PANS

WITHOUT  
SCRATCHING  
WITH



cleans  
without

## SUN GLARE HEADACHES



**'ASPRO'**

A SUDDEN hot spell saps vitality and lowers resistance for most people. You find you cannot adapt yourself to the change immediately—you want something to help you—'ASPRO' TABLETS GIVE THE HELP YOU NEED. When you can't sleep—take 'ASPRO'—and you WILL drop peacefully off to sleep. If the heat's getting you depressed, giving you headaches or upsetting your nerves, take 'ASPRO' Tablets to obtain swift, wonderful relief. A sensation of calm and comfort comes to you in a few minutes. The head stops throbbing, the nerves are soothed, and sleeplessness disappears. 'ASPRO' will definitely BANISH SUNGLARE HEADACHES IN A FEW MINUTES, while soreness caused through dust in the throat will disappear, too, if you gargle with 'ASPRO' according to direction. Buy a Packet to-day!

USE  
'ASPRO'  
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SLEEPLESSNESS  
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IRRITABILITY  
SORE THROAT  
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COLDS  
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HAY FEVER  
EARACHE

**ASPRO Prices**  
**3<sup>0</sup> 1/3 4!** Per  
PKT.

## Modern ways with chairs and divans...



**INVITATION TO REST.** Some day you'll want to copy this day-bed. Another version is made without arms. Both types now mass-produced in America. Note simplicity of design; no frills.

**ARMLESS upholstered chairs** which may be used separately or placed together to form a sofa are practical; smart.



**RELAXATION CHAIR** so popular in the U.S. that it is produced en masse. It looks inviting, is one in which weary worker can relax.



**WEBBED or leather-laced armless chair** also becoming very popular. It looks stiff, but is surprisingly comfortable.



**WEBBED CHAIR** with or without arms, and a cypress lamp table make a corner group characteristic of type now produced in U.S.

Photos courtesy U.S. Office of War Information.

## How to treat dog bites

"WILL you look at Betty's leg, a dog bit her while she was playing on the beach," said Mrs. Jenkins.

There were two sharp punctures in the calf of the left leg; they had bled quite a bit, which was fortunate because a little bleeding is nature's way of cleansing a wound without washing bacteria from the skin into the wound.

An I attended Betty's leg. I aired my views.

"We are very fortunate in Australia that we are free from rabies," I said, "or hydrophobia, as it used to be called. We can thank the quarantine service for our freedom from this dangerous disease, and it is for that reason that all animals, especially cats and dogs, are given a long period of quarantine before they are allowed their freedom in this country."

"Although rabies has always been present on the continent of Europe, Great Britain stamped out the disease in 1902. Unfortunately, in 1918 a dog was smuggled across the Channel by air, and it took three years to get Britain free again. In that time over three hundred dogs died of rabies and more than that number of human beings were treated for rabid bites."

"To-day in Europe rabies has increased even more than it did in the last war, and the danger of the smuggling of a dog or cat mascot or pet into Australia is quite real. This danger should be widely realised."

By MEDICO and there is no room for sentiment with such a horrible disease. The Services are fully alive to the danger.

"So, in the case of your daughter, Mrs. Jenkins, the only dangers are tetanus and streptococcal infection. I will give an injection of serum to prevent tetanus, and some sulphur tablets to control the other danger. Dogs have habits of eating decayed food, so danger of infection is real."

"It is safer for Betty to rest her leg for two days and to apply a bag of hot, dry salt every two hours to the affected part. With these precautions, the wound should heal without any trouble."

"There is no excuse for anyone keeping a dog which bites. I'm fond of dogs and I have trained mine to be docile. Surely there are enough troubles without having to cope with dog bites, even though we haven't got rabies in Australia."

"A dog should only bite once, even in play. He should never get another chance." (All names fictitious)

## Asthma Curbed in 3 Minutes

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician, sufferers can get relief from Asthma, Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 2 tasteless tablets with meals and Mendaco starts circulating through the blood in 10 minutes. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs and vigour returns.

### Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned, and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It removes the mucus of phlegm. (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs. (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

### No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J.L. writes: "I was almost dead with

## ODORONO ASSURES YOUR GAME



Freed by the regular use of Odorono, from the fear that exercise will cause the dread perspiration odour, all your energy can be loosed in the contest. Be confident that Odorono safely checks perspiration 1-5 days, and keeps your crisp sport clothes fresh.

Odorono is used and recommended by doctors everywhere, in its Liquid or Cream form. It is depended upon by all well-groomed women in all walks of life.

## Deodorant ODO-RO-NO PERSPIRATION CORRECTIVE!

Liquid Odorono . . . . . Safe and Sure  
Cream Odorono . . . . . Quick and easy to use

### Are You Always Tired?

When your rest is disturbed, you are tired and worn out on arising in the morning—totally unfit for the day's work. You may not know it, but your kidneys are nearly always to blame.

The longer you have suffered from any symptom of kidney and bladder trouble, the more you owe it to your health to heed the warnings, and take immediate steps to correct the cause of sleepless nights and days of misery, discomfort, and inconvenience. When the kidneys do not function properly, waste matter and poisonous acids stay in the blood, causing backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, leg pains, swollen feet and ankles, dizziness, puffiness under the eyes, and excess uric acid. Don't delay! Neglect is dangerous. Take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. They strengthen and regulate the kidneys and bladder, relieve pain, and aid in ridding the system of harmful wastes and acid poisons. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today.

## Always bath Baby with Cuticura Soap

Your reward will be a happy baby, with healthy, glowing skin, able to sleep soundly undisturbed by skin troubles.

## Cuticura SOAP

ONE OF A FAMOUS TRIO—  
CUTICURA  
SOAP, OINTMENT, TALCUM

### Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel.

**RELIEVES ASTHMA**  
**Mendaco**  
Now in 2 sizes . . . 6/- and 12/-



Designed by  
**Adelyn**

See  
them  
first!



Latest  
Summer  
Styles



LOOK  
FOR THE

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LABEL  
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STORE

**ENSIGN**  
TIES



THE BEST

IF HE IS . . .

*Timid!!  
Tired!!  
Touchy!!!*

*Suspect...*

**FAULTY ELIMINATION**

Children suddenly cease to be their normal, happy selves when **FAULTY ELIMINATION** upsets their system and makes them *timid, tired and touchy*.

**FAULTY ELIMINATION** can be corrected gently and effectively by Laxettes, the Chocolate Laxative children like and take **WILLINGLY**. Laxettes have been a family stand-by for years.



The Gentle, Effective Laxative for Children  
**LAXETTES**  
CORRECT FAULTY ELIMINATION

As a backyard crop . . .

## STRAWBERRIES

Although strawberries occupy a fair amount of space, require careful cultivation, they repay you.

—says OUR HOME GARDENER

**M**ARCH and April are regarded as the best months for setting out plants. A sandy loam is good, but any well-drained soil that is fairly retentive of moisture will produce good strawberries.

Manure the ground well, because the plants usually have to stand in the one position for at least three years. After that they should be lifted, and rooted runners set out in fresh soil.

Ask your nurseryman for self-pollinating varieties, otherwise you may buy plants that will crop very poorly. This is due to the fact that many strawberries are infertile and need a widely different sort that flowers at the same time, to be grown nearby.

Failure may be due to one of several factors, such as setting the plants too deeply in the ground (burying their crowns). Leave about 1 in. of crown of each plant standing well above surface, and firm well all round.

Disease is a serious factor, and as a virus and several serious bacterial and fungus diseases are common, the gardener should learn to identify them.

When setting out plants, leave about 15 in. of space between them. They are usually grown in double rows 15 in. apart and 30 in. between the rows themselves.

When they flower, mulch all round plants with clean straw, coarse meadow hay, old tan bark, peatmoss, or dry leaves. This keeps the fruit clean.

Old strawberry plants that have set a lot of runners should be discarded after three or four well-rooted runners have been removed from each. Then dig the soil over, manure well, and sow to vegetables. Change strawberry patch after three or four years.



OUR LAND GIRLS know all about strawberries. Here is a lass with a trayful of punnets ready for the market . . . Know how to grow them.

## Miss Precious Minutes says:



PRETTY pink bedjacket pictured above cost owner 3/4. It was made from five pieces of cellular milanese (ends) measuring about 7 x 36. Best parts of old slips or vests could be used in same way. Blouse pattern was used; garment finished with picot-edged braid (from scrap-bug) and ribbon.

**D**ISCARDED belts of fabric may be used to cover dress-hangers. Unpick enough stitches at centre to insert hanger, then gather at top and bottom and draw up to the right size.

**I** LOVE my garden, so do the snails. This morning I was given this hint: "Place some orange peel underneath sugar-bags dropped on the lawn or anywhere in the garden. Go the rounds in the morning, and be thankful for the tip."

**K**EEP upholstered furniture from getting that down-in-the-mouth look by frequent vacuum cleaning or thorough brushing. Always remove as soon as possible any spots that get on it. There is something to be said for the old antimacassar on father's stuffed chair. Men and others still have oily heads.

## Help for young mothers

By SISTER MARY JACOB

**A**LTHOUGH present-day preventive medicine has done much to immunise children against seasonal epidemics, no family is likely to have entire immunity when there are widespread epidemics of the infectious fevers of childhood.

A leaflet giving the signs and symptoms and nursing treatment of some of the commonest of these feverish complaints has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.

## FACIAL HAIRS

Danish unsightly facial hairs with the aid of "VANIX". Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

## "VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the devastating effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 6/11 a bottle (Post 6/11/2), from Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, and Bicks Chemists, Ltd., 37 and 37B Rundle St., Adelaide, or direct from the manufacturers, The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Coy., Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

How  
Doctors  
dress

## BURNS



Doctors now dress minor burns with petrolatum, better known as 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. For minor burns cover fine mesh gauze with 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly and place on burned area and bandage firmly.



**Vaseline**  
TRADE MARK  
PETROLEUM JELLY

There's no substitute  
for  
**'Plasticine'**

The original modelling  
material  
made by **HARBUTT'S**



THE THIRD YEAR OF  
RATIONING! IT'S GETTING MORE  
DIFFICULT TO MAKE THINGS LAST

SIS TOLD ME TO TRY  
VELVET SOAP BECAUSE  
IT CUTS DOWN HARD  
RUBBING

IT'S TRUE!  
LINENS DO  
LAST AGES  
LONGER WITH  
VELVET'S  
EXTRA-SOAPY  
SUDS BECAUSE  
THERE'S NO  
NEED TO SCRUB

## Get longer wear from linens with VELVET SOAP

The longer clothes rationing has to continue, the harder to make coupons go round. But Velvet Soap can help. You see, it's harsh rubbing in the wash that wears out things much faster than actual wear—but with Velvet there's no hard scrubbing needed! Its rich, extra-soapy suds coax out all the dirt with just a light rub or two. Everything looks cleaner and brighter washed with Velvet. And its gentle care saves the clothes.



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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# MORE Dinner Menus

● You are the family dietitian . . . family fitness depends on the meals you serve. To help you in your planning I list the basic food groups, give you menu tips and some really good recipes.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to  
The Australian Women's Weekly.

## HERE are the BASIC SEVEN:

1. **Green and yellow vegetables** . . . for Vitamin A, minerals, and other vitamins.

2. **Citrus fruits, tomatoes or salad greens** . . . for Vitamin C, minerals, and other vitamins.

3. **Potatoes and other vegetables and fruits** . . . for vitamins and minerals.

4. **Milk and milk products** . . . for calcium, riboflavin, and other minerals and vitamins.

5. **Meat, poultry, fish, and eggs** . . . for high quality protein, vitamins, especially the B complex and minerals, especially iron and phosphorus.

6. **Bread, cereals, especially whole cereals, flour** . . . for calories, B vitamins, with some protein and iron.

7. **Butter** . . . for Vitamin A and calories.

Other foods not included in the basic seven have mainly calorie value with some mineral, vitamin, and protein value. These embrace milled cereals, cornflour, rice, spaghetti, sugars and syrups, fats and oils other than butter.

A knowledge of these food groups makes it easier to safely cope with food shortage . . . when planning daily menus.

After average-sized service portions, daily, from each of these groups, satisfy the appetite with the high calorie foods.

Dinner, however, is more than the food you choose. There is a vast difference between eating and dining.

People so often eat as though performing a necessary function . . . silent, hurried courses . . . up from the table and away . . . night after night. There is no grace in such homes.

But when a family dines . . . discovering through good cooking the full richness of everyday foods . . . savoring to the full unhurried courses . . . lingering at the table . . . talking easily, listening, being friends . . . that is home at its best, that's a family worth cooking for, working for, and fighting for.

Of course, there's an art and a science in it too . . . a little bit of temperament, too . . . So pin up the basic seven on the kitchen wall, and glamorise the routine with all the graces you can command.

Check up, too, these menu tips. They can stand a lot of thinking about:

1. Instead of bemoaning the vanishing steak, get acquainted with some of the so-called meat sundries; when cooked in a casserole and enlivened with a dash of wine and a pinch of herbs they can turn into gastronomic delights.

2. The stew has that sturdy peasant virtue that wins wars. Balance the budget by buying cheap cuts and stewing them . . . be clever with herbs and piquant flavorings.

3. Meaty casseroles are one-dish meal hearties . . . they have a fine independence while cooking . . . they keep servings piping hot for latecomers . . . they have clever ways for leftovers . . . they are distinguished for exciting variations.

4. When your meat ration and imagination have both failed, fall back on that satisfying standby, a dish of spaghetti, piping hot and savory . . . there are a hundred variations.

5. A rich, thick chowder, creamy in texture but chunky with meat, fish, or vegetables, can make a whole meal—or almost.

6. Bread and cereals can play an important and interesting part on the menu. Make meat and vegetable casseroles do double duty by topping with large, fluffy dumplings or feather-light scones. Extend meat and fish servings by using stuffings of bread and cereal. Cereals and breadcrumbs make meat loaves, hamburgers, croquettes serve more portions . . . meat flavor is there with appetite satisfaction.

7. Cook vegetables to keep that garden-fresh flavor and high vitamin tally . . . in small amount of water, snugly covered, until just crisply tender . . . don't peep, don't stir . . . cook in jackets whenever possible.

8. When salad greens are scarce, squeeze fresh lemon juice over freshly cooked green vegetables.

9. Cheese in combination with other foods provides satisfying and savory main dishes. Experiment with cheese and egg dishes, cereals with cheese, vegetables with cheese sauce, cheese rolls, cheese scones, cheese pastries, cheese dumplings.

10. Inexpensive and quick sweets are legion . . . griddle cakes and pancakes, and fritters and french toasts can be flipped up in a jiffy and can round off a menu.

11. During milk shortages, grow-

**PRECIOUS STEAK** in this menu is extended by stuffing with bread seasoning and slowly roasting to a melting tenderness. The sweet is a once-in-a-while treat . . . an oven-fresh cake, filled and topped with fruit-salad marshmallow cream. See recipes.

ing children must have first call on family supplies and should take some fresh milk as a drink. Conservation of supplies is of such national importance that it is the duty of every homemaker to see that none is wasted by careless handling. Soured milks can be used in baking or for cheese.

12. Keep a menu-card system with notes on back of each card and filed under such headings as summer, autumn, winter, spring, special occasions, and so on.

13. Appetites are on the upswing as the leaves turn scarlet and the days become crisper. Graduate the satisfaction-value of the menu with the fall in temperatures.

These dinner recipes will be made more than once:

### AUTUMN CHOWDER

(Crisp autumn days are coming . . . Scarlet leaves drifting . . . Appetites on the upswing . . . Catch the fragrance of this steaming bowl of creamy soup raftered with toasted cheese.)

One pound potatoes, 1 lb. pumpkin, 1 lb. onions, water, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk, 1 dessertspoon butter or bacon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup cooked sweet corn stripped from cob, about 1 dozen inch-long slices of cheese, pepper and salt.

Peel and slice potatoes, pumpkin, and onion. Add salt and enough water to cover. Cook gently until tender and rub through a sieve. Add milk. Melt butter or bacon fat, stir in flour and then the liquid slowly. Bring to the boil. Add corn and season to taste with pepper and salt. Toast cheese slices. Serve steaming hot, topped with cheese. Serve inch cubes of bread. For four.

### MARSHMALLOW CREAM

(Don't keep your best recipes for guest-nights. This sweet is luscious with a fruit-salad sauce, chocolate, or peppermint topping, or served as filling for plain or chocolate cake.)

One cup sugar, 2 cups water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 2 egg-whites,

flavoring (as vanilla, peppermint, or almond essence, grated orange or lemon rind).

Soften the gelatine with a little of the water. Heat the sugar with remainder of the water and stir in the gelatine, stirring until it is dissolved. Allow to cool and just begin to set, and then whip in the flavoring and stiffly beaten egg-whites, whisking until thick and creamy.

Sliced fruit, not pineapple, may be added. Half cup lemon juice may be substituted for half cup of water.

### SEASONED STEAK ROAST

(Superb when hot, excellent cold. Vary seasoning according to flavor, accessories available . . . capicum, mushrooms, pearl onions, oysters, herbs with the breadcrumbs.)

Two to three pounds topside steak cut in one thick piece, 3 cups bread seasoning, 1 lemon.

With a sharp knife slice a pocket in the steak. Rub the inside of the pocket and over the outside of the meat with the lemon, squeezing out the juice. Fill the pocket with the seasoning and skewer or tie into shape, or sew with coarse thread. Place in baking-pan with hot fat, baste, and place in moderate oven (325deg.-350deg. F.) and bake slowly, allowing 30 minutes to each lb. for medium rareness, or 40 minutes to each lb. for well done. Baste 2 or 3 times during cooking (this not essential but develops a rich flavor and brownness). For four.

For the seasoning use bread 2 or 3 days old, crumble with fingers or rub through sieve; to each cup of crumbs rub in about 1 teaspoon of beef dripping or bacon fat, season well with pepper and salt; add chopped onion to taste, and add a pinch of dried herbs to each cup of crumbs, and moisten with milk. Do not make crumbs wet. Chopped capicum, mushrooms, or oysters can be added to taste. Cooked sweet corn or shredded vegetables may be added in place of part of crumbs.

### APPLE DUMPLING PIE

(Whole apples, luscious and lemony, under crisp pastry topping. A last-minute toasting of cheese on each dumpling mound is an old English custom.)

Six cooking apples, average size, 1 lemon, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 or 3 cloves, 8oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4oz. beef dripping, cold water.

Peel and core apples and place on oven-proof table dish, make a syrup of lemon juice, sugar, cloves, and grated rind of lemon and pour over apples.

The apples may be stuffed if liked with spiced breadcrumbs or raisins and sultanas. Make a shortcrust by sifting flour, baking powder and salt, rubbing in fat, and mixing to a dry dough. Roll to fairly thin sheet, and lift over apples, trimming edges, and pressing lightly over shape of apples. Glaze with sugar and water, and bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes and reduce heat of oven to moderate (350deg. F.) and cook a further 20 minutes, or until apples are tender. For four to six.

### HARVEST-MOON SALAD

(Raise the song of harvest home, and remember the loaded tables of harvest thanksgivings . . . great yellow melons, huge bunches of purple and pale green grapes, sheaves of wheat and rosy apples.)

Six tomatoes, medium-sized, 2 cups cooked sweet corn, stripped from cob, 3 cups finely shredded cabbage, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper, salt, salad cream, little toasted cheese sandwiches.

Scoop tomatoes, reserving pulp removed for further use. Season with pepper and salt, and fill with sweet corn. Toss shredded cabbage with lemon juice, onion, parsley, and season with pepper and salt.

Pile cabbage on salad platter, arrange corn-tomatoes on platter, and top corn with salad cream. Serve with toasted triangles of cheese sandwich.

Continued on page 31





## Delicious pudding wins first prize

● Butterscotch-flavored mould and biscuits, a dessert called creme duchesse, and savory croquettes also win cash prizes this week.

AS winter approaches, hot sweets regain popularity on the menu.

You'll be pleased to have the Swiss lemon pudding recipe by you.

Try it out on the first sharp turn in the weather.

What are your cold-weather menu changes? Send in your most popular recipe—it may win you a cash prize as well as win you praise from other homemakers.

Every week cash prizes are awarded for good, seasonal, economical recipes; £1 is given for the finest recipe, 2/6 for all others published.

### SWISS LEMON PUDDING

Eight ounces fine breadcrumbs, 6 oz. suet, 8oz. apples, 8oz. sugar, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.

Skin and flake the suet, mix with the breadcrumbs and the peeled and diced apples, grated rind, and lemon juice. Add sugar and baking powder, mix well. Place in a greased basin, and steam four hours.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Brad-don, 42 Huntley's Point Rd., Glades-ville, N.S.W.

### CREME DUCHESSE

Two cups boiled custard, 3 table-spoons orange juice, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 1 cup raisins, 2 tablespoons cold water, some red jelly.

Soak raisins in orange juice for 2 hours. Soak gelatine in the cold water, stir into the cooled custard. When the mixture begins to thicken stir in the raisins and orange juice. Pour into wetted moulds and chill. Unmould when required and decor-ate with red jelly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.



SCALLOPED POTATOES are satisfying for a one-dish meal. thinly sliced potatoes seasoned and baked in milk, just enough to be absorbed. Try a grated cheese topping.

### BUTTERSCOTCH BISCUITS

Two and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup margarine or good beef dripping, 3 tablespoons golden syrup, 3 tablespoons warm water, vanilla.

Cream margarine or dripping with the sugar, add vanilla. Stir in golden syrup until well mixed. Add sifted flour and lastly the water, making a stiff mixture. Shape into balls, place on a greased tin and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, 15 to 20 minutes. When cool join with mock cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Mabbett, Parry St., Charleville, Qld.

### BRAIN AND OAT CROQUETTES

Two sets brains, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 cup hot milk, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, salt and pepper to taste, white breadcrumbs.

Cook the brains in salted water 10 to 15 minutes, and cut into small pieces. Scald the rolled oats with the hot milk, and the brains, onion, parsley, pepper and salt, beaten egg, and sufficient breadcrumbs to make a stiff mixture. Shape into cro-quettes and fry in smoking-hot fat until golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Elham, 414 Malabar Rd., Marou-bra Bay, N.S.W.

## More dinner menus

Continued from page 30

### MINTED SPAGHETTI BOWL WITH MEAT SAUCE

(Salad, light sweet, and hot coffee to follow... will make the family love you.)

Eight ounces spaghetti, 1 table-spoon finely chopped shallot, 1 des-ertspoon bacon fat or butter, 1½ table-spoons finely chopped mini pepper, salt, 1lb. minced round steak, 1 dessertspoon dripping, 1 table-spoon chopped onion, 1 table-spoon flour, 2 cups water, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, 2 table-spoons tomato sauce.

Cook the spaghetti in fast-boiling, salted water until tender. Drain through strainer and rinse with cold water. Reheat with shallot and spot of butter or bacon fat. Brown the chopped onion in the dripping, add the flour, brown, and stir in the water and sauces. Simmer for two minutes, add the minced steak, and cook very gently for 10 minutes, seasoning to taste. Add the chopped mint to the spaghetti, and serve piping hot, topped with the meat sauce.

### ORANGE BREAD FRITTERS

(To satisfy the hungry... quick, cheap, and delicious.)

Four thick slices bread, brown sugar, grated orange rind, milk, hot fat, orange marmalade or apricot jam.

Cut crust from bread, sprinkle with sugar and grated orange rind, and soak for few minutes in warm milk (beaten egg may be added). Drain, and fry in fuming-hot fat, turning to brown. Drain, and serve hot, topped with hot jam.

## Kidney Trouble and Backache Gone in 1 Week

Flush Kidneys With Cystex and You'll Feel Fine

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—improves faulty kidney action in double quick time, so, if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Cereals under Eyes, frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles or Interrupted Sleep, go to your chemist to-day for Cystex.

### Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles—  
(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder, and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.  
(2) Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.  
(3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organ, and stimulates the entire system.

### Feels a Different Woman

"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble, and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, run do my work, run about, and walk miles although I am 61 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it."—(Signed) M. L. Zessin, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

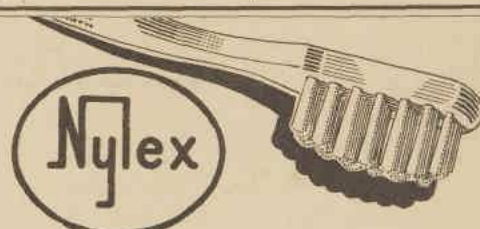
### Now Able to Walk Without Stick

"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pains in leg and back; in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaint."—(Signed) J. McPherson, Nangerbone Station, N.B.W.

### Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! New in 3 sizes—4/-, 8/-, 12/-.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.



1/7

Nylon—the world's wonder material for toothbrush tufts—anti-soggy and hygienic.

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TRY THIS FOR SORE FEET: Soak in hot soapy water for 10 minutes and dry well. Then gently rub Iodex in thoroughly.



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PRACTICAL FRONT

Corsets are available in limited quantities. If you wear a Lady Ruth, regular laundering and timely repairs will help you get the last ounce of wear from it.



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THIS famous food helped before the war to build up the children who, as the men and women of to-day, are doing such fine work in every sphere.

Unfortunately supplies cannot be made available at present. It is hoped, however, that conditions will soon allow Virol to be sent for the children who will need its valuable properties to fit them for the tasks of to-morrow.

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He was on convalescent leave when he met her.

"Gosh, Marian, you look swell! I'd never thought of you in uniform, but I might have known that's the decent sort of thing you'd do! Good luck to you . . . and to all the others."

And as he went on his way he thought: "Wonder if she knows how attractive she looks? Wish they dressed *us* as smartly . . . but they're doing a great job, those A.W.A.S. and A.A.M.W.S."

You see . . . the fighting soldier *knows*. He knows that battles aren't won entirely in the front line. He knows that no military operation can succeed without vital co-operation from the home bases and the lines of communication.

And that is where *you* are needed—needed now and needed urgently. A call has come from Australia's Commander-in-Chief to build up the Australian Women's Army Services to full strength . . . to release pressure on the Army . . . to enable our battle lines to move forward.

There are tremendous tasks ahead of our fighting men—tasks in which every fit girl of 18 or over can share. The A.W.A.S. or the A.A.M.W.S. now bring you your supreme opportunity.

**The Army will be one man short until you**

*Join the*

## A.W.A.S.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S ARMY SERVICE

OR

## A.A.M.W.S.

AUSTRALIAN ARMY MEDICAL  
WOMEN'S SERVICE

You'll like the life. The pay and conditions are attractive. You'll get deferred pay and full repatriation benefits; regular leave; valuable technical training; uniforms, clothing, coupons and travelling concessions; but, most important of all, you'll have the heartfelt satisfaction of serving shoulder-to-shoulder with Australia's finest girls in the hour of Australia's greatest need.

Apply for details to the nearest Women's Recruiting Depot or your local Area Office.

